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35 ADDITIONAL MEN TO GO TO CAMP ON MONDAY

Public Celebration in Their Honor Here Saturday Night.

GRAND STREET PARADE

Demonstration Arranged in Bellefonte Preliminary to Departure of Thirty Per Cent of Centre County Quota for New Army.

Bright and early next Monday morning thirty-five additional Centre County drafted men will depart for Camp Meade, at Admiral, Maryland. They constitute thirtp per cent. of Centre County's quota for the new federal army. With their arrival in camp there will be 101 Centre Countians at Camp Meade. The first group to depart numbered fifty-eight. Shortly afterward six additional men were sent to Camp Meade. On Monday, last, two more departed. Both are colored and will be assigned to the colored division now being formed at Camp Meade. There remain but sixteen to go to complete Centre County's quota of 117. No date has been fixed for their departure.

In honor of the thirty-five men who leave for camp on Monday there will be a rousing public celebration in Bellefonte on Saturday evening. Sheriff Yarnell, as chairman of the local Exemption Board, has a number of citizens cooperating with him in arranging for the celebration and it is anticipated that there will be a tremendous crowd in town for the big event. There will be a great street parade, headed by the Boys Band, of Milesburg, and with the thirty-five conscripts given a place of honor in the procession. Others in line of march will be Civil war veterans, Red Cross, Logan and Undine fire companies members of the local Exemption Board and a large number of citizens. The parade will form at the new High School building at 8 o'clock. Prominent citizens will address a meeting in the Court House diamond, after which the thirty-five conscripts will be tendered a smoker at the Bush House. The following constitute the conscripts in whose honor the celebration will be held and who will depart on Monday morning to "do their bit" for Uncle Sam:—

The following named have been selected to leave for Camp Meade on Monday:

Andy Koblichik	Clarence
John Coldren Lingle	Spring Mills
Carl Max Furst	Port Matilda
John Henry Kelley	Howard
Emil Joswick.	Munson
Jacob Ralph Lee	New Orleans
Claud L. Whitehall	Oak Hall
Ralph Lester Rachau	Centre Hall
Clifford A. Heltman	Hublersburg
John Elliott Smith	Centre Hall
Herman Benson Eves	WarriorsMark
Gilbert James Shope	Howard
Samuel B. Barnhart	Curtin
Harrison M. Crain	Port Matilda
[illegible]ere Jaricic	Bellefonte
[illegible]nes E. Gehret	Bellefonte
[illegible] Deanck	Pleasant Gap
[illegible]ur M. Kerin	Moshannon
[illegible]a Moody	Clarence
[illegible]est Forrest Bathgate	Lemont
[illegible]n G. Zimmerman	Pine Glenn
[illegible] A. Marshall	Bellefonte
[illegible]el Ratz	Munson
[illegible] A. Shearer	Bellefonte R. F. D.
[illegible] Hurley	Philipsburg
[illegible] Santelle	Philipsburg
[illegible]erram Love	Woolrich
[illegible] Hockman	Zion
[illegible] Sedraitis	Osceola Mills
[illegible]d	Howard
[illegible]Keenson	Waddle
[illegible]John	Oak Hall
[illegible]apke	Philipsburg
[illegible] Bryan	Milesburg
[illegible]te	Bellefonte
[illegible]nster	Fleming
[illegible]abb	Centre Hall
[illegible]nada	Zion
[illegible]tson	Scootac

[illegible]ration, Comrads.

[illegible]ll and S. B. Miller, special interest [illegible]te, are [illegible]old sol- [illegible]y night honor Centre [illegible] Meade [illegible] more [illegible]e men [illegible]end-off. that as [illegible]oin the [illegible]who can [illegible]stly re-

Harry Fisher Falls In His Airplane

Bellefonte Boy Injured at Leavenworth, Kan.

CONDITION IS CRITICAL

John Fisher, of Bellefonte, baggage master on the L. & T. branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, received a telegram Wednesday morning from Kansas City, Mo., giving the sad information that while making a flight in an airplane at Leavenworth the machine fell and his son, Harry Fisher, was seriously injured. Later in the day, Mr. Fisher received another message stating he should come at once, that Harry's condition was critical. This (Thursday) morning Mr. and Mrs. Fisher left for the west.

The young man belongs to the Aviation Corps and has been in the service of "Uncle Sam" for several years, and is said to have considerable experience with airplanes. He was formerly in the navy. He had just been in Leavenworth, Kansas, about ten days being sent there as an instructor in aviation. Leavenworth is where the camp is located. Harry was removed to a hospital in Kansas City.

DIED FROM INJURIES

Oak Hall Young Woman was Injured in Automobile Accident.

A sad death was that at the Bellefonte hospital Monday night at 9.35 o'clock when Miss Stella Raymond, of Oak Hall, passed into the great beyond. She was the daughter of Mr. William Raymond of Oak Hall. Her untimely death was the result of an automobile accident which occurred at Oak Hall on Sunday night, October 14th. She had been at church and while crossing the road was struck by James Swabb's automobile driven by Orrie Rupp. Her sister Esther Raymond, had crossed the road just a few minutes before and the unfortunate young lady followed and was accidentally struck by the machine. She was thrown down and rolled considerable distance before the car could be stopped. Her left leg was fractured at the ankle and the foot badly crushed. Twelve stitches were necessary to bind up her wounds before being taken to the Bellefonte hospital and six more afterwards. She also received painful bruises about the head and body.

Although her condition at the time was serious yet there was a ray of hope, her father and friends believing she would recover. A few days ago a turn came for the worse and she died from tetanus. Her mother died in the hospital about 7 years ago. The deceased was born at Linden Hall and was 19 years of age this month. She was a member of the Evangelical church. Besides her father she is survived by a brother, Roy Raymond, who is serving his country in France, and one sister, Esther, at home. The funeral was held this (Thursday) morning at 10 o'clock from the Reformed church at Boalsbug.

Cavalry Regiment Dismounted.

The First Regiment Cavalry, of which Troop L, of Bellefonte, is a part, now stationed at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia, has been ordered dismounted, according to announcement by the War Department. Just what branch of the service the regiment will be assigned to has not been announced.

When the news was made public at Camp Hancock members of the several troops in the regiment expressed the keenest disappointment and many participated in a public demonstration to show their displeasure. A parade featured with a saddle, saddle bags, rifle boot and sabre piled on a stretcher, was held through the regimeht street. Later the boys secured dish pans and continued the demonstration, yelling: "We want our horses" until orders were issued sending them back to quarters and notifying them not to repeat the incident.

It is said that several troops in the regiment may be held intact but that extensive changes may be made among the officers.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Robert G. Hassinger,	Bellefonte
Louisa G. Grassmyer,	Milesburg
John Retorick,	Clarence
Julia Kachik,	"
Chester M. McCormick,	State College
Lillian D. Musser,	" "

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

BUDD MORRIS TELLS OF EXPERIENCES IN FRANCE

Following Thrilling Airship Flight Detained as Spy.

HAD DROP OF 9000 FEET

Bellefonte Boy, Now an Army Aviator, Narrowly Escaped Death When Motor of Machine Went Wrong While Up Two Miles in the Air.

The other day Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris, of Bellefonte, received a letter from their son, Elliot Morris, better known to his friends as "Bud" Morris, who is now an aviator in France and has his own machine. He has become quite an expert in flying through space and is making for himself a name that perhaps will be recorded in this wonderful epoch of the world's history. He has completed his course and has had many novel experiences with the airplane.

The most terrifying and sensational flight he made occured recently when he went up into the air about ten thousand feet. While up above the clouds his watch stopped, probably caused from the lightness of the air of such a high attitude. He remained up that high much longer than he had expected, snd while decending and within 9000 feet off the ground he discovered that his motor had stopped. But read the letter itself. It is intensely interesting:—

Somewhere in France,
October, 4, 1917.

Dear Mother:—

I have not written to you for nearly two weeks because I was lost and away from Camp four days. I am on my brevet now and with luck and good weather I will finish in three or four days. I will have three days leave in Paris and from there will be sent to another school for perfection in either faster machines or bombers. I don't know yet which I will get. I will cable you all for a little money for my leave in Paris. Three of our bunch have already finished. It is just a matter of luck when you finish as all depends on how many are in the class when you are. We don't know when we will get our commissions. It may be three weeks or it may be three months. We are now on the same status as the West Point Cadets.

Now to tell you my experience. I was sent up on a rather cloudy day and told to go up ten thousand feet and stay there for one hour and then come down. That is one of our brevet tests. Well I went up alright but I got away above the clouds where I could only get a glimpse of the earth once in a while. I knew I was lost and decided to stay up and come down slowly and see where I was. To make matters worse my watch broke and I had to stay up much longer than an hour to be sure I made my hour. It was very cold up there and I nearly froze to death. When I thought I had stayed an hour I slowed down my motor and started to come down but my motor stopped at nine thousand feet and I had to come all the way without any motor. When I saw that it had stopped I dived for the earth and when I came through the clouds, I saw that I was falling right in the middle of a big city. I flattened out a little and took a long glide for the outskirts of the city. I passed over a little field and turned and shot for it. I was going at one hundred and twenty miles an hour and I was falling and, as God was with me, I made a fine landing and didn't even break a wire on my machine. I looked over my machine and found I had no more gasoline. By that time hundreds of people were coming expecting to pick up the pieces of my machine and me. I found that I had landed in a little suburb of Orleans called St. Denis en Val. three miles from Orleans. I then remembered Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, hut I never expected to visit her old town as I did. I had no identification and the Mayor of the town wouldn't let me telephone back to school as he was not sure I was not a German. You may not believe it but this is absolutely true. The Mayor sent me with some French soldiers to the hospital for the night. I forgot to tell you I landed four o'clock in the evening. Well in the morning the Mayor telephoned the school and found I was alright. The Chief Pilot told me to visit until a mechanician came to look over my machine. I went back to my machine and thought I would have to spend the night in it as I had no money. I had four French soldiers guarding it. But in the afternoon a big car drove up and a fine looking old Frenchman with his two young daughters who asked for the young American aviator. I told them I

(continued on page 4)

CLEANLINESS WATCHWORD IN NAVAL HOSPITALS

J. K. Stover, Boalsburg Young Man, Describes Life in Camp.

IS READY FOR FRANCE

Centre Countian Stationed at Philadelphia Writes Interesting Letter Explaining Duties While Training for War Service.

The following is an interesting letter from John K. Stover, son of Rev. S. C. Stover, of Boalsburg, who is in the Naval Base Hospital in Philadelphia:

To my friends and people of Centre County:

For the while past I have been reading of boys from Centre Co. enlisted in the service, all of which have written of army life. Now here is a description of the life of a "Navy Bean."

I am enlisted as a Hospital Corpsman in the Hospital Corps of the Navy; this being the trend of my work in civil life. I have found my new life a very interesting and pleasant task. I am now stationed in the Naval Base Hospital at Philadelphia, Pa.

At present we have about 500 patients in the hospital, all of which are either sailors, marines or soldiers. We treat all kinds of diseases. The most common ones are such as typhoid fever, malaria, spinal meningitis, mumps, tuberculosis, cancer, measles, appendicitis, paralysis, insanity etc.

The first duty of the Hospital Corpsman is cleanliness. Cleanliness of person and cleanliness in the hospital is of paramount importance. We have the care and nursing of all patients. Very often is a patient's life directly dependent upon a Hospital Corpsman. This makes our position a very responsible one. We have the charge of cleansing and redressing of wounds, sores, and operative cases. We aid and assist surgeons in the operative room. Our work in the dispensary and labratory is also very interesting as well as instructive.

We do not have any military training. Our training consists of fighting micro-organisms, which, as you may know, often cripple a whole army or battleship, worse than torpedoes or shells. We are thoroughly trained in the combating and the destruction of all microbes and germs and the caring of the sick and wounded. The essential thing is the care of our own health, that we are strong and immune to any disease or contagion with which we may come in contact. We are fighting enemies all the time, both aggressive and defensive.

Hospital Corpsmen have the privilege to see all autopsies; but this is no place for an effeminate man. To witness the autopsy of a man you have known during his illness is very hard for some of our men. We have some very undesirable experiences, but hope to profit by them, and thus prepare ourselves to serve our county to the highest extent.

Censorship refuses us to give any definate time when some of us will be shipped. Some may be called within the next few weeks, and again there may be a longer delay. We are doing wonderful work here and hope to be of great usefulness in time to come.

As to our time off and on duty, we have two watches, viz: Port and Starboard. I am on the Starboard watch. One day I go on duty at 6.30 a. m. and get off at 3.00 p. m. the same day. Next day I go on duty at 8.00 a. m. and off at 9.00 p. m. When my short day falls on Sunday, I am off at 10.00 a. m. and when it falls on Wednesday or Saturday, I am off at 1.00 p. m. When we are off duty we are permitted to leave the grounds until time to report for duty, which is 8.00 a. m. next morning. Our nights in, that is the day we work till 9.00 p. m., we may be called any hour of the night for a night watch. This watch is three hours long, and often breaks up a good night's sleep, as we never know when we may be called.

We are called at 6.00 a. m. and by 6.30 we have to be up and dressed and have our beds made and quarters in shipshape. We stay in tents 16x16, four in a tent. Last week the four of us in our tent had a very drowsy morning, and we slept 15 minutes overtime; as a result we spent one week confined to quarters. Since then we all hit the deck promptly at 6.00 a. m. We do not have any stoves in our tents but plenty of blankets. I enjoy sleeping out, but that "Hit the deck" in the morning when the cold wind is blowing a 60 mile clip is not such a pleasing feature.

The best of all is wash day. We have to wash our own clothes, except bed clothes. We are required to be dressed in white, while on duty; so you see that we have some big wash. Our equipment for washing is a board table, scrub brush and a cake of soap. Some of us make quite proficient washerwomen, while others are not quite satisfied with the role.

Our eats are excellent. We call it "Chow." We have breakfast at 7.00 a. m. dinner at 12.00 noon and supper at 5.00 p. m. We get good substantial "chow" at all times. We get some dainties for dessert, such as ice cream, pie, rice and bread pudding and fruits.

We have all good healthy men in our corps. This is mostly due to the high entrance qualifications, also to the training we receive as to the care of our own health.

My next move will be for duty either on a battleship, torpedo-boat, base hospital in France or detailed with the marines. I am ready to go anytime and anywhere where duty calls and will do my best in the service of my country.

I would be glad to hear from any friend that finds time to write. Letters are very gladly received by any sailor or army boy. I am,

Yours in service,
John K. Stover,
U. S. Naval Base Hospital
Philadelphia.

SUBSCRIBED $1,000,000

Centre County More than Made Good on Second Liberty Loan.

Centre County more than "made good" for the Second Liberty Loan, turning in subscriptions amounting to over $1,000,000.

If anybody may have had doubts that Centre County is not loyal to the government and the boys serving under the Stars and Stripes in the army and navy, they should examine the figures of the Liberty Loan subscriptions. Within the territory forming the Centre County district these subscriptions were as follows:

Centre County district	$ 453,950
Philipsburg subscriptions	572,350
Total for county	$1,026,300

Just how handsomely various committees rallied to the support of the Liberty Loan is shown by the following analysis:

Bellefonte	$ 265,850
State College	67,500
Snow Shoe	36,800
Centre Hall	23,150
Howard	20,000
Millheim Farmers Nat. Bk.	16,000

Subscriptions received through other sources make the total, as above, the whole amount, according to Charles M. McCurdy, chairman, exceeding the $1,000,000 mark. Of the amount subscribed in Bellefonte $35,200 was obtained by the committee appointed by Burgess Blanchard and the Board of Trade. The business men and others who canvassed the town for subscriptions are to be warmly commended for the success that attended their efforts.

Sunday School Day.

Many of the governors of the several states have issued a proclamation making the coming Sabbath a day when the parents should visit the Sunday Schools and see what training is being given the children. To this end Governor Brumbaugh has followed with such a proclamation to the people of Pennsylvania. The Sunday School workers of Bellefonte and Centre county have requested the county papers to impress upon the people generally the importance of this occasion. If the parents lose sight of this kind of training it will not be long until the children will follow suit. Therefore let an extra effort be made next Sabbath to fill the Sunday School rooms in the various churches throughout Centre county with the parents. Many of the schools will have special services.

Rishel—Bailey.

Paul W. Rishel, of Worcester, Mass., son of Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Rishel, of Howard, and Miss Edith Bailey, of Muncy, were united in marriage in the Lutheran church, Muncy, Saturday, the groom's father performing the ceremony assisted by Rev. W. S. Steck. The church was crowded with friends and relatives of the couple. A reception was held at the home of the bride immediately following the service. At the conclusion of a honeymoon trip to eastern cities, the bride and groom will reside at Worcester.

McCormick—Musser.

A pretty home wedding was solemnized last Thursday at twilight when Miss Lillian Dale, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Musser, of the Branch, and one of our popular young ladies, became the bride of Chester Munson McCormick, of Pine Hall, a progressive young farmer and son of the late C. B. McCormick. Rev. N. L. Fleck was the officiating minister. Following the ceremony a delicious wedding supper was served and the newly married couple departed for Scranton and other places. Congratulations.

TWO TRAVERSE JURY PLAN ABOLISHED BY QUIGLEY

Judge Issues Order Changing Court System in County.

TO EXPEDITE BUSINESS

Means Virtually One Week of Court Instead of Two at Each Quarterly Term and Effects Substantial Saving to County.

Judge Quigley on Tuesday issued an order abolishing the time-honored custom of holding two weeks of court in Centre County at each of the four sessions in the year and directing that hereafter but one panel of traverse jurors be drawn for each session who shall remain on duty until such business as may be on hand is disposed of. The new order means virtually that there will be but one week of court at each quarterly term, although occasionally the trial list may be so large as to continue into a second week.

In his order Judge Quigley also made a slight change in the time for holding court. Heretofore the December term has convened on the first Monday of that month. Under the new order of things this term will not convene until the second Monday of December. The time for holding the three other terms has not been changed, and remain as follows: Fourth Monday of February, Third Monday of May, and Fourth Monday of September. License court will be held on Saturday of the December term.

Many years ago it was customary to hold three weeks of court in Centre County at each term. This was found necessary owing to the numerous boundary suits and other cases involving coal and lumber rights, etc., that found their way into court. It happened not infrequently that such cases involved large sums of money and the trials continued over many days. As these disputes over boundary lines were gradually disposed of litigation dropped off proportionately and eventually a two-weeks' term of court was made the custom. This order continued for years but for some time past it has been the rule rather than the exception that there was not sufficient work for more than two or three days each week. A grand jury of twenty-four men and two traverse juries of forty-eight men, each, were made necessary under the two weeks' term of court. Under the new system, as announced by Judge Quigley, there will be a grand jury of twenty-four men, as heretofore, and but one traverse jury of forty-eight men drawn for each term. Traverse jurors are paid $2.50 per day. Judge Quigley's plan to concentrate the customary two weeks' business in one week will effect a large saving to the county. His decree arranging for the new system follows:—

"The present arrangement of having two separate weeks is hereby discontinued and the jurors summoned for the regular term will serve until the business of the Court is finished."

QUIET ELECTION AHEAD

But Few Contests to Enliven Things at Polls on Tuesday, Nov. 6.

Tuesday, next, November 6th, will be election day throughout Pennsylvania, but in Centre County it will mark the culmination on a campaign that has slipped by without attracting even passing notice. In the county the only office to be filled is that of Jury Commissioner, one to be elected by each party, and the re-election of John D. Decker, Republican, and Joseph A. Emerick, Democrat, is therefore assured.

Borough and township tickets are to be elected throughout the county, but in most sections the contests on hand are tame as compared with other years. Bellefonte has two fairly interesting skirmishes to be determined on Tuesday. One is that between Edmund Blanchard and W. Harrison Walker for Burgess. The other is between Harry Badger and J. K. Johnston for Tax Collector. In both instances considerable work is being done, but in a quiet way, and some surprises may attend the result.

Swartz—Smith.

Thursday, October 25th, William Dale Swartz a popular young resident of Snow Shoe, was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith, of near Philipsburg, the ceremony being performed in the First Baptist church of Warren, Pa. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith, of Warren. Mr. Swartz is employed by the P. & S. railroad company at Warren and they expect to make their home there.

READY FOR INSTITUTE

Program Arranged for Annual Session of Centre County Teachers Nov 12

County Superintendent of Schools D O. Etters has arranged an interesting program for the annual Institute of Centre County school teachers, which will be held in Bellefonte November 12:h to 16th. The sessions will be held in the Court House. The program follows: —

In a little more than two weeks Bellefonte will have the privilege of entertaining the school teachers of Centre county. The sessions will be held in the court house at this place beginning Monday morning, November 12th. The list of instructors who will be present during the week is as follows:

Hon. F. G. Blair, Superintendent Public Instruction, State of Illinois, Springfield, Ill.
Dr. M. V. O'Shea, Professor of Education, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Prof. Charles Lose, Principal Central State Normal School, Lock Haven.
Prof. C. D. Koch, State High School Inspector, Harrisburg.
Prof. R. W. Heim, State Supervisor of Agricultural Education, Harrisburg.
Prof. J. W. Yode, musical director, Southampton, Pa.
Miss Elizabeth H. Dorworth, pianist, Bellefonte.

The institute this year is being held early, the date falling about the same time as last year. The former custom of holding the annual meeting of teachers near the Christmas holidays has proven unsatisfactory as well as unpopular. With the list of above excellent instructors, the approaching institute will no doubt prove of unusal interest and profit to teachers.

The officers of the institute are as follows:

President—Supt. D. O. Etters.

Vice Presidents—Asst. Supt. F. Milford Pletcher; Supervising Prin. W. G. Briner: Supervising Prin. J. S. F. Ruthruaff; Supervising Prin. Jonas E. Wagner.

Secretary—Harry O. Crain.

Enrolling Clerks—J. C. Fox and L. A. Miller.

Doorkeepers—C. A. Weaver and W. C. Thompson.

Ushers—H. E. Breon, G. R. Dunlap, F. W. Dillen and F. W. Rachau.

Ticket agent—R. P. Barnhart.

INSTITUTE PROGRAM.

The program for the various sessions of the week will be as follows:

Monday—2:00 P. M.

Devotional Services. Rev. E. H. Yocum
Singing.
2:30—3:10, "Waste in Education".....Dr. Blair
Singing.
3:20—4:00, "Everyday Traits in Human Nature .....Dr. O'Shea

8:00 P. M.

Entertainment—Song, Story and Sketch .....The Potters

Tuesday—9:00 A. M.

Devotional Services.....Rev. Hugh MacLeod
Singing.
9:30—10:10, "The Trend of the Teens".....Dr. O'Shea
Singing.
10:20—11:00, Address.....Prof. Koch
Intermission.
Singing.
11:20—12:00, "The Teacher,".Dr. Blair

2:00 P. M.

Singing.
2:20—3:05, "The Superintendent".....Dr. Blair
Music, Bellefonte High School Orchestra.
3:20—4:00, "What Development Means," .....Dr. O'Shea

8:00 P. M.

Lecture—"The Powder and the Match" .....Judge Alden, Boston

Wednesday—9:00 A. M.

Devotional Services.....Rev. W. K. McKinney
Singing.
9:25—10:05, "Individual Differences in Children".....Prof. Lose
Singing.
10:15—11:00, "The Nature and Needs of Childhood" .....Dr. O'Shea
Recess.
11:15—12:00, "The Teacher's Point of View".....Dr. Blair

1:30 P. M.

Singing.
1:45—2:20, "The Rural Teacher's Opportunity" .....Prof. Heim
Singing.
2:30—3:10, "The Child as Heir of the Past" .....Dr. O'Shea
Singing.
3:20—4:00, "The School and the Home" .....Dr. Blair

8:00 P. M.

Concert...The Warwick Male Quartet

Thursday—9 A. M.

Devotional Services...Rev. E. B. Dunn
Singing.
9:45—10:35, "The School as a Melting Pot".....Dr. Blair
Singing.
11:10—12:00, "How Words Get Their Meaning" .....Dr. O'Shea

1:30 P. M.

Singing.
2:15—3:00, "Seeing and Believing,"... .....Dr. O'Shea
Singing.
3:15—4:00, "Packing the Trunk"..... .....Dr. Blair

8:00 P. M.

Entertainment..Strickland W. Gillilan

Friday—9:00 A. M.

Devotional Services .....Rev. A. M. Schmidt
Singing.
9:30—10:10, "Educational Outcomes." .....Dr. Blair
Singing.
10:20—11:05, "Modern Mysteries"..... .....Dr. O'Shea
Singing.
Reports of Committees.
Filing Membership Cards.
Benediction.....Rev. Dr. Schmidt

The evening entertainments will consist of the following: Monday—The Potters, in a program of song, story and impersonation. Tuesday—Judge Alden, lecturer. Wednesday—The Warwick male quartette. Thursday Strickland Gillilan, humorist-lecturer.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Directors' Association will be held on Tuesday morning and afternoon and Wednesday forenoon, in the High school auditorium. The following program will be observed:

Tuesday Morning.

Meet with the Teachers' Institute.

Afternoon—2 o'clock.

Invocation—Rev. J. S. McClintock, Church of Christ, Philipsburg.
Reading minutes of last meeting.
Roll call of members.
President's address—M. S. McDowell, State College.
Appointment of committees.
Address—Dr. M. V. O'Shea, Madison, Wis.
Music—Prof. J. W. Yoder, Southampton, Pa.
Address—Prof. C. D. Koch, Harrisburg.
Discussion.

Evening—8 o'clock.

Lecture, "The Powder and the Match." .....Judge Alden, Boston

Call at the Supt's. Office, Court House at 4:15 and get ticket for the evening lecture.

Wednesday, 9:00 A. M.

Invocation.....Rev. A. M. Schmidt, Reformed Church, Bellefonte.
Address .....
Hon. F. G. Blair, Springfield, Ill.
Music .....
The Bellefonte High School Orchestra.
Address .....
Prof. R. W. Heim, Harrisburg, Pa.
Address. Prof. Chas. Lose, Lock Haven
Reports of Committee.
Adjournment.

Following are the officers of the Association:

President—M. S. McDowell, State College.

Vice President—James E. Harter, Coburn. Mrs. M. E. Brouse, Bellefonte.

Secretary—Charles F. Cook, Bellefonte.

Treasurer—A. C. Mingle, Bellefonte.

Supt. J. K. Johnston to Leave Tyrone.

J. K. Johnston, superintendent, of the Tyrone division of the Pennsylvania railroad, has been promoted to the superintendency of the Philadelphia division, the appointment taking effect last Thursday. A number of important transfers were made in the operating department of the P. R. R. The departure of Mr. Johnston to Philadelphia, his post of dut , is to be sincerely regretted by his friends in Bellefonte. He belongs to the Country Club at Hecla Park and therefore came in touch with a large number of people who always found him pleasing and companionable. He held a number of positions with the Pennsylvania Railroad and Nov. 1st, 1903 succeeded the late S. S. Blair at that time retired. He has been one of Tyrone's most far-seeing and progressive citizens. The new superintendent of the Tyrone division, J. B Hutchinson j., is one of the company's best young executives. He began his railroad career at Altoona where he was also later a supervisor, and his ability has won him steady advancement. His success as assistant superintendent of the Pittsburgh division easily marked him as one to be entrusted with a division of his own; and Tyrone is fortunate in securing him as a citizen.

Aged Minister Remembered.

A number of years ago Rev. Gideon P. Sarvis was pastor of the Methodist church at Pleasant Gap and at that time was well and favorably known in Bellefonte. He and his wife are living retired in Bellwood but at one time was pastor of the Methodist church at Osceola. Recently five automobiles carrying twenty six representatives of the latter charge happily surprised Rev. and Mrs. Sarvis by going to their home well ladened with all kinds of groceries and other supplies for the home. A cash gift to the aged couple was also made amounting to $21.50. The provisions were placed in the humble home, then all members of the Osceola party joined in singing "Nearer My God to Thee," after which prayer was offered by the pastor of the Osceola church. The cash gift was then presented to Rev. Sarvis by the pastor, and Rev. Sarvis made thankful and appropriate acknowledgment of the gifts. The party was given under the auspices of the Epworth League of the Osceola Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. Gideon P. Sarvis is a retired minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, and, although humbly situated at the present, has a record at soul-saving that guarantees exaltation in the future.

To Visit Experimental Plots.

The Pennsylvania State College fertilizer experiments on abandoned farm land near Snow Shoe, Centre County, are showing most striking results of great economic importance. Because there are 12,500,000 acres of this general type of soil in Pennsylvania, the experiments are of unusual significance at this time when the food problem is so serious.

State officials, trustees of the college, press representatives and prominent citizens are being invited to a meeting at the experimental plots, November 9th, the day before Pennsylvania Day at the College. Autos will be provided to convey the visitors from Bellefonte to Snow Shoe and return, leaving Bellefonte at 9.40 a. m , after the arrival of the morning trains from the east and west.

President of Athletic Association.

David Blair Mingle Jr., of Tyrone, a member of the Junior class of the Pennsylvania State College, has been elected president of the Athletic association at Penn State. He succeeds Joseph H. Wilson, of Indiana, who withdrew from college to serve with the colors as a lieutenant in the army. Mingle has been a regular on the Blue and White base ball nine for two years playing second base in most of the important 'varsity base ball games. He is enrolled in the department of industrial engineering.

Teaches Navy Cooks to Cook.

Many prominent society women, led by Mrs. Adrian Iselin, have given up social activities in order to teach sailors how to cook. Mrs. Iselin, writing in the November issue of Harper's Bazar, tells how, through her New York Cooking School, these women are training able seamen to prepare food properly and are rapidly lessening the shortage of capable chefs in the Navy. Rear-Admirable Usher, U. S. N. has co-operated with Mrs. Iselin and has indorsed her work.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation,—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulets (25c per box) act mildly on the liver and bowels. At all drug stores.

The Seventh Young Man

By C. B. Lewis

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Alderman Thomas Andrews of the city of Jonesboro, could be very mild or very stern, as occasion required.

Just stern, as this story opens, he was very stern. Occasion required it. He had got to have a talk with his daughter Nellie.

"You have a gang of young fellows hanging about, and people are calling you a flirt," he began.

"Not a gang, father, but a group."

"The word signifies nothing, but my orders do. They have got to go. How many are they?"

The girl counted up on her fingers and replied:

"I can't count but six that have proposed to me."

"Thunder and blazes!"

"Don't get excited, father. It's fashionable now to be engaged to eight or ten men at the same time. I ought to have at least two more on my list."

The alderman raised his arm and brought his heavy hand down on the table and almost shouted:

"Bounce the last one of them, and do it today!"

"But I'm engaged to the six, and whoever heard of a girl bouncing six at once!"

"But you'll hear of it mighty soon. I won't put up with it, I tell you! Sit right down this evening and write the six that all is over between you. If you don't I'll—"

"But I will, father," she interrupted. "I have always obeyed you in everything, and shall in this."

The letters were written and mailed, and no hearts were broken. When a week had passed, the father asked:

"Did you write those letters?"

"Surely I did, father."

"Well, if any other young man comes snooking around here to ask for your hand and heart, just call me in before you pledge yourself."

It was one evening a month later when Roy Garnett called and asked for Miss Andrews.

"Why—why—" she exclaimed, as she entered the parlor.

"I have been away for a month, you see," he said.

"But didn't you receive a letter from me a few weeks ago—a letter saying that I had analyzed my heart and found that I did not love you?"

"Gracious me, but I never heard of such a letter!" exclaimed the young man.

"Then let me see how the mistake came about. I was as good as engaged to six of you, when father raised a row about it and made me write to each one of you."

"But you and I were not engaged. We never even talked of love."

"That's so—that's so," mused the girl. "I thought it queer that you should call if I had broken your heart. It's just a social call, I see."

"Miss Andrews, don't see too much or too little. You ought to know that I am an admirer of yours."

"I had a dim idea that you thought I had beautiful eyes."

"And I have several dim ideas. One of them is that I am going to love you."

"Then I'll have to write a seventh letter," she sighed.

"Don't be in a hurry to waste your postage stamps. Have I your permission to call twice a week?"

"But I have as good as promised father not to fall in love again without his consent."

"Stick to that like a good girl!"

In the course of two or three weeks Miss Nellie observed that solemn look on her father's face again, and she was not surprised when he said:

"Daughter, I think I have observed the tracks of a new young man on our doorsteps."

"Yes, it's a Mr. Roy Garnett."

"Does he come here to eat peanuts or to talk love?"

"He hasn't done either as yet."

"Do you like him?"

"Y-e-s."

"But you are not in love with him?"

"I plainly told him that I had promised not to fall in love without your consent."

"Good girl!"

"I think he'll want to have a talk with you some evening soon."

"Well, I can tell him that there is no hurry about your getting married. Neither do I want some dude hanging around here half the evenings of the week."

"You won't be too brusque with Mr. Garnett, father?"

"Oh, I shan't apply the boot, but I shall have to speak rather plainly. If you were madly in love I'd be very gentle with him, but I don't think you are much."

"No—o—a."

When it's a case of love and a father leaving his politics to mix up in it, a girl may fib or she may not. If she does it won't be held up against her. Miss Nellie did like Mr. Garnett very much. She more than liked him, but she felt in duty bound to stand by her father.

Three or four weeks went past and for the third or fourth time the alderman asked:

"Well, Nellie, that young Garnett hasn't asked to see see me yet."

"No," she replied.

"Can't make up his mind to face the music, eh?"

"I have an idea that he is waiting for political reasons."

"What! Why, what has a young man of twenty-two got to do with politics?"

"I don't know."

"What ward does he live in?"

"In this, where you are alderman."

"Um! Um! I never heard of him in politics. Maybe he has got a friend who wants to be elected constable."

A week later as Mr. Garnett and Miss Nellie sat in the parlor the alderman entered and said to the young man:

"I presume you are Mr. Garnett?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you want to see me on business?"

"Well—er, yes. It's about politics. I want to ask your advice. The case is this," began Mr. Garnett. "It's only a month to our city election and the people are beginning to talk of the fitness of this or that man for office."

"It is always so, and the people are seldom mistaken."

"To my amazement they are asking me to run for office."

"But you are young, sir—very young."

"That's what I tell them, but they will have it that a man hasn't got to be middle-aged to be honest."

"But is there any talk of dishonesty among the office holders?" asked the alderman with a tingle of anxiety in his tone.

"Yes, a bit. There was a mile of paving done last year, you know, and it is whispered that there was a divvy in it. And they say there was another divvy in supplies bought for the fire department. Mr. Andrews, they will have it that I ought to take an aldermanic nomination."

"Too young, sir—too young, as I said."

"The alderman from one of our wards was elected by only forty majority. I can get a majority of 124 in that ward."

"But you must have the nomination first," was the sulky reply.

"Oh, the Daily Times will help me to that for what I can dig out of the cement bridge divvy two years ago. Is your advice to me, Mr. Andrews, to go into politics?"

"I don't say yes, and I don't say no."

Then Miss Nellie spoke for the first time:

"I have also a question to ask you, father. Are you willing that I should fall in love with a young politician?"

"If he is in politics to get the office of city clerk, yes. If he's after my aldermanship scalp as well as my daughter, no, by thunder!"

"Father, isn't it a better thing for a young man to be the son-in-law of a politician than to be a politician himself?"

"It strikes me that way," was the thoughtful reply.

"And it strikes me that way, too," added Mr. Garnett.

"And as the three of us are struck alike—"

And then and there two of the three went out of politics, and the third one said he would have the check ready at the wedding breakfast.

Why She Cried.

A couple of men were talking about their respective wives the other day at the club.

"You have a very sympathetic wife, I should say," remarked one.

"I don't know about that," hesitated the other.

"Well, I only judge from what I saw from my house the other morning when you slipped and fell on the steps as you were coming out with her. Why, I saw her actually crying over it."

The other man didn't look pleased at all.

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "She cried, but not over my injuries. I sat down on that confounded dog of her's."

"Indeed! I didn't hear him howl."

"Well, I should say not. The dog weighs—or did weigh—two pounds, and I weigh 200."

Patents Authorized by Congress.

A patent is an exclusive grant or monopoly by authority of congress. The first patent law was approved April 10, 1790, a year after the Constitution was enacted. We were not a very inventive people at that time, perhaps, because there were not many of us, says an exchange. Only three patents were granted during the first year after the law was passed, 33 the second year and 11 the third year. The patent office was originally attached to the department of state, but in 1849 was transferred to the interior department. Under a law of 1842 patents were granted for only seven years. The time was afterward extended to 14 and then to 17 years, the present time.

No Amateur Stuff.

"The Browns have invited us to dinner."

"Good. I'd rather eat there than anywhere else."

"Why?"

"All vegetables they serve were raised by professionals."

Qualified.

She (romantically)—The man I marry must be willing to go through fire for me.

He—Then I'm your man. The boss has fired me for telephoning you so often.

Given to Airs.

Professor—You have a promising contralto voice.

Miss Newrich—But, professor, I'd rather sing soprano; it's much higher toned.

A BELLEFONTE INQUIRY

Answered By the Statement Of a Bellefonte Resident.

When first the long series of reports of Bellefonte people who have been relieved by Doan's Kidney Pills were published in the local press, great enthusiasm and interest were aroused. But Bellefonte is now inquiring "How are these people keeping today? How has the benefit they received withstood the test of time?" For that, after all, is the essential test of a cure. On this point doubt can no longer exist, for after many years those who have been cured, emphatically declare their cures to be lasting.

Mrs. J. C Johnson, 365 E. Bishop St., Bellefonte, says: "I was a great sufferer from backache and pains across my loins. I could hardly get about the house. Dizzy spells would come over me and I would nearly fall. I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Green's Pharmacy Co., and two boxes did me more good than anything else I had previously tried. The backache and pains disappeared and my kidneys became normal. I now feel better in every way."

THE CURE LASTED.

OVER SIX YEARS LATER Mrs. Johnson said: "Time has proven that Doan's Kidney Pills are reliable. The cure they made for me has been permanent."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Johnson has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Strange Performance.

Someboday in Bellefonte or vicinity put a new interpretation on the old adage "Honesty is the best of policy." Wednesday of last week J. Curt Johnston, the local drayman, lost his pocketbook containing a $5.00 bill three $1.00 bills and several checks and valuable papers. Where he lost it he was unable to tell but on Friday morning he received a letter, mailed at the Bellefonte post office, containing the checks and papers but minus the money. The person who found the lost treasure was honorable enough to send part of the contents back but in keeping the money he is no less a thief than the fellow who would enter Mr. Johnston's home and take it. He knows who the money belongs to and hereafter every time he meets Mr. Johnston he will be reminded that he kept that which he knew didn't belong to him.

Election Day.

Next Tuesday, November 6th, will be election day, and the several nominees should receive the undivided support of their party. The rivalry of the primary was a friendly rivalry and those who failed to carry their party nomination should gracefully submit to the result and all work in harmony for the success of their ticket. Some of the men will no doubt be candidates at a future election and in case they win out for the nomination will naturally expect the endorsement of those whom they defeat at the primaries. All the candidates are excellent gentlemen and good citizens and the best way to decide the matter is to vote your party ticket and let it go at that. That is just exactly what you would expect were you a candidate.

Presbyterians Loyal.

Friday Dr. W. K. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church returned from Johnstown where he attended the annual session of the Presbyterian synod, at which the support of the Presbyterians of Pennsylvania was pledged by resolution, to the support of President Wilson. A committee was appointed to work in conjunction with the government.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

Camp Hancock in Fine Condition.

We are sure that Bellefonters and others from this section who have boys in the military service at Fort Oglethorpe and Camp Hancock will be pleased to learn that they are being well fed and their health is very efficiently safeguarded by modern sanitation.

This reassuring report is made by T. De Witt Cuyler, director of the Sanitation, Medicine and Red Cross department of the Pennsylvania Committe of Public Safety. Mr. Cuyler, who has just completed a personal inspection of these camps, found conditions most satisfactory and so states in reporting to the Safety committee.

The Fort Oglethorpe camp, at Chickamauga, includes an officers' training camp of 4,000 men of whom about 50 per cent. are Pennsylvanians. These men impressed Mr. Cuyler as being high class and of more mature age than the men in the previous training camps. They are rated as most earnest students for commissions by Colonel Slocum, of the 13th Cavalry, who is in command.

Electric lights is one of the modern features of Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. where 25,000 Pennsylvania guardsmen are in training under General W. G. Price. In both camps the water supply and drainage systems are especially commended and the policing arrangements handled by the new Military Police are declared to be superior to the old provost-marshal methods.

Strong drink is absolutely unknown at these camps, you do not see a drunken soldier; you do not smell a whisky-tainted breath. It is shut off from rich and poor, from private and officer; the money even of the millionaire is incapable of securing it. The good effects of the prohibition is apparent; it has led some occasional drinkers to become advocates of teetotalism; it sends men to the drill field fit physically and clear brained. In this way the government is being a protector to the boys who are away from home influences. One of the most efficient safe guards to the morals of the soldiers is the Y. M. C. A., and it is being recognized as such by the government.

Prayers for Peace.

In practically every church of Bellefonte Sunday the appeal of President Wilson, to observe the day as one on which to offer up special prayers for peace and the success of the American arms, met with a sincere and heartfelt response. Everywhere, either during or at the conclusion of the regular services, the various congregations united to implore divine assistance for the nation.

Loyalty at The Match Works.

The employes of the Pennsylvania Match Company, Bellefonte, came up nicely and showed their loyalty to "Uncle Sam" by subscribing $1,650.00 to the Liberty Loan. Most of the employes are girls who no doubt thought of the Bellefonte boys being in the trenches and they want to give their bit to make it a little easier for them. They are to be highly commended.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice:

Mrs. Geo. Buckley, Miss R. Benner, Miss Edith Dalap, Joshua M. Eskridge, G. Harper, Mrs. Edna Johnson, Mrs. J. A. Weaver. Foreign—Andy Buzyton.

When called for please say advertised.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas Eclectic Oil. For burns, scalds, cuts and emergencies. All druggists sell it. 25c and 50c.

DOLLARS SAVED
On all Guaranteed Make Tire
Sell us your worn out tires. Get c
cular No 27P stating sizes and ma
wanted.
Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage
206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH P

CONFIDENCE

Confidence is necessarily the fou
dation of all hopes and plans for t
future.

The aim of this bank is to so e
ently handle every account, larg
small, as must win and hold the c
confidence of each patron.

Open an account t

Bellefonte Trust
Allegheny Street

WRIGLEY'S

The goody that is beneficial to teeth and stomach is best for children.

Wrigley's is

Helpful

to all ages. It massages and strengthens the gums, keeps teeth clean and breath sweet, aids appetite and digestion.

The Flavor Lasts

HEALTH FOUND IN GARDEN

Perspiration That Results Carries Away Noxious Elements, and Strength and Vigor Are Certain.

To the man who woos her earnestly nature offers a store of unexpected gifts. Our thousands of amateur gardeners who have put in the leisure hours in their little garden patches have begun to realize that one of the biggest rewards of their labors may not be the actual produce they will obtain, valuable as that may be, but in the less tangible results on their own bodily and spiritual welfare.

There is health in the soil of Mother Earth. The perspiration that results from your labors is carrying away noxious elements from your blood. Strength and vigor come from contact with the soil. In this kinship to the earth is found one reason that nearly all of our greatest men have been country-bred boys. It is why farmer boys of today are stronger and more able than youths reared in cities. Do not be afraid if your hand acquires a few callouses or a brownish tint. A well-tanned hand is a more fitting subject for pride than a soft, white, useless hand. You may meet with some failures from not knowing the how and why of things, but there is a joy which cannot fail.

The miracle of planting a seed and seeing the growth, though a common thing, contains joy and food for the heart. Gardening not only brings nourishment for the body and food for the mind, but it expands the soul.—Milwaukee Journal.

Photograph Frames.

For framing a single photograph for e wall, a novel idea is to place it in e upper part of a moderately large t. When the picture is in sepia, the t should be in tan or brown, the me brown or gold. When the photoph is gray the mat should be also, h a gray or gold frame. A wide frame sometimes takes the place mat.

e back board may be covered with rmonious plain material; a wire may be bought for a trifle and atd to the back through a slit made to fit its clamp. The back is ind in the gimp binding at the sides ttom; the top is left open for the ion of the picture.

The Tactful Writer.

When writing to those away from home or distant relatives or friends see to it that your letter fairly sparkles with cheer and good news. Bring a smile to the reader's lips and make him or her long to be with you to share the happy joys you tell about.

These are the kind of letters that go straight to the hearts of those who receive them. The vast majority of us have a full measure of cares and responsibilities to contend with, but every one of us can often think a happy thought or speak a good word and we should in all fairness pass it on.—Exchange.

Ancient English Tree.

There grows in the beautiful garden of the dowager counties of Derby, in England, an ancient oak tree which is said to be the oldest one in England.

The size of the trunk of this venerable oak testifies to its antiquity, but on a stone seat by its side is more direct evidence. The seat bears a tablet recording that Wilberforce wrote in his diary in 1788 that he well remembered, after a conversation with Pitt, and before descending into the Vale of Keston, sitting at the foot of "an old tree" and resolving to give notice in the house of commons that he would move the abolition of the slave trade.

The tree in question, which was therefore a good age 130 years ago, is carefully preserved with zinc plates where the damp might gather, and the branches are held up with iron bars, but it bears a goodly crop of leaves, and seems good for many years of life.

French Drapery.

The French are pastmasters in the art of draping fabrics. A Parisienne has truthfully said that French taste is distinctly feminine and as clear as the Gallic language itself, says an exchange. It possesses the genius of curves, the secret of what is graceful and the intuition of what brings about harmony. These characteristics are all to be found in French art, French industries and French creations.

It is in France that we find the work of the most skilful hands, the most artistic jewelry, the richest clothes and the most beautiful hats. In foreign countries the idea of ugliness or bad taste is never associated with the women of France.

Being One's Self.

We owe it to mankind to give ourselves as we are to earth's aggregate of attainment and experience. We are indeed to raise ourselves to our Nth power of existence and achievement, but that highest power must still be our own, individually expressed. Even though our best be poorer than some one else's indifferent medium, it will be a thousand times better for us and for all, that humanity get each underived and incommunicable self rather than that it receive an imperfect and disappointing duplicate of another. And let us remember, also, both for our comfort and our inspiration, that he who gives his utmost is at the last analysis rendering a greater service than he who, though seemingly bestowing much, gives but a fraction of his possible being and doing to his fellow men.—Philip Burroughs Strong.

The Crucial Moment.

"Then," said the young man with a tragic air, as he was leaving the room, "this is your final decision?"

"It is, Mr. Carrots," replied the young girl firmly.

"Then," he replied, his voice betraying an unnatural calmness, "there is but one thing more to add."

"Yes?" she questioned sweetly.

"It is this—shall I return those white satin suspenders by mail, or will you have them now?"

The Father's Helper

By Osborn Jones

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When Dick Stoner, after a stormy and galloping sort of seaside courtship, had actually heard Madeleine return all his vows of devotion he thought his struggles to win her as his wife were practically over. Madeleine was visiting a boarding school chum when the romance occurred, and for that reason, perhaps, Dick had forgotten that Madeleine probably possessed parents and that those parents might have something to say before permitting their eighteen-year-old beauty to become Mrs. Dick Stoner. But Dick knew that, as parents usually rated sons-in-law-to-be, he was not undesirable. His record at college and in business since then, though not actually brilliant, was clean and progressive, and any father-in-law or mother-in-law-to-be would not have much difficulty in discovering that his share of the Stoner fortune was a large one.

So it seemed as if the matter was settled till, after a sudden burst of enthusiasm on the part of Medeleine, as they sauntered in and out around the sand dunes at the seashore, she suddenly changed her tone and her eyes grew round.

"I'd forgotten about father," she said. "He will never let us do anything we want to—we are a great trial to him, you know, and I don't know how in the world I can ever be married if he doesn't consent. I just couldn't elope."

Dick didn't like this intrusion of an objecting father-in-law. It was much nicer hearing Madeleine's guileless praise of his own many manly virtues and good features. So he tried to persuade her that the father whom he had never seen was not such a gruff sort after all and that it would be an easy matter to "bring him around."

"You haven't any idea how strict he is," Madeleine protested. "He's a professor of psychology and this year he's trying to write his greatest book and—and, well, it is very hard to be the father of five daughters and Arthur and Bennet and write a book on psychology. It's hard to be the father of five daughters anyhow, he says, especially when they are the kind of daughters that we are."

"Why can't he shift responsibilities till the book is done?" suggested Dick. "Couldn't your mother manage to keep you within bounds?"

"Oh, mother's just as busy as she can be mending us and darning us and planning meals and things. She has a 'mother's helper' to help her and still she never seems to have time to breathe. And poor old father said he was going to try to get a 'father's helper'—to make his task of being our father easy, just as mother does with her 'mother's helper.' So far he hasn't found anyone that wants the job."

"What would this 'father's helper' have to do?" asked Dick, rather amazed at the turn of Madeleine's conversation.

"Oh, I suppose he would have to help Bennet with his Greek and spank Arthur, and he'd have to come to meals and see that we were all there and maybe say grace, and sometimes just happen in the drawing room when Minerva's suitors were there. Minerva's the stunner, you know, and she has just oodles of suitors, and mother says that father ought to appear once in a while just to show that there is some one keeping track of how often they come. But father can't stand that sort of thing. And I suppose the 'father's helper' would have to scold me sometimes because I am so reckless when I ride—mother keeps at father to scold me for it, but he hates to; and he would have to scold the servants when mother couldn't manage them and sometimes, if one of us girls didn't have an escort to a dance, I suppose the 'father's helper' would have to go with us. Father ought to, mother says, but he hates to."

"My Greek is a little rusty," announced Dick, when Madeleine had finished her monologue, "but I think I'll take that position. You say your father hasn't found anyone for it. All right, I'll make tracks for your place tomorrow and by the time you have come home I'll be installed and perhaps one of the first things I can do will be to show father that it is to his interest to let his daughter Madeleine become Mrs. Dick Stoner."

When Madeleine reached home at the end of that week she found the young man whom her father had recently employed to be identical with the man to whom she had recently become engaged, except that he was dressed in dark blue serge and her fiance had inclined to light tweeds and white flannels. Besides he spoke in a voice that was subdued and the speech was free from slang—not very much like the explosive discourse of the man to whom she had recently engaged herself. And besides, the man she had known at the seashore had been eager to see her alone and often whereas the new inmate of her father's home, after having been introduced to her, seemed not to notice her. It was not till the following day that they did chance to come upon each other in the library.

"We mustn't try to meet each other on the Q. T. at all," Dick began. "Those brothers of yours are just the sort to find it out, no matter how we try to conceal it. We can stand it this way for a while. Your father has been telling me his troubles this morning. He's especially worried about you—you wretch. He tells me you worry him so he can hardly write, says you ride the wildest horse in the stable, go off in the woods unattended and otherwise render him incapable of the high degree of concentration that he needs to complete his book. He asked me to watch you especially and to suggest a way to tame you. I'd no idea you were such a wild creature—you wonderful, sweetest girl—there, I couldn't help it that time—but I won't steal another till I am no longer playing this role. It would spoil everything if anyone suspected."

The next communication Madeleine had from the new employee was written and slipped into her hand as she passed him one evening on the stairs. It was brief and dictatorial. "In order to accomplish the aim in view you must become even more unruly. Do everything you can except risk your life. Fake a runaway or two and get lost in the mountains if you can do it safely."

Though Madeleine did not exactly understand Dick's motives in this instruction she followed it to the letter and even the calm-eyed mother, who took the shocks and anxieties incident upon being the parent of five high-spirited daughters and two sons as serenely as anyone could, became overwrought with worry when, for the second time in a week, Madeleine returned home from a wild ride only after the faithful blue-serged "father's helper" had gone out in search of her.

The next day the professor tried in vain to write a chapter of his book for his publishers were beginning to press him for the complete manuscript. After wasting hours in the bootless effort he called for the young man he had recently employed.

"Did you reprove Madeleine severely for her escapade yesterday?" he asked. "You know how it tries me to have to attend to that sort of thing—still, unless you are very severe I shall have to take her in hand."

"I reproved her very severely, sir," replied Dick, "but if you will pardon me for saying so, I think reproofs are of little avail."

"Something must be done,' man,' said the professor peevishly. "I can't let her go on this way wearing out my nerves. Can you think of any possible remedy—some way of calming the wild creature down a little? Mind you, I am very fond of Madeleine—very fond of her—but I can't let her go on in this way."

"I anticipated such a question," said Dick solemnly. "For that reason I studied the girl's nature. Again, pardon my frankness. I think that young as Madeleine is, she would overcome her rather hoydenish ways if you permitted her to—to become engaged—possibly to contemplate a rather early marriage."

The professor studied the carpet for several minutes, then without looking at Dick, he said: "Yes, that might be just the thing. But Madeleine is not like Minerva. Minerva has some dozen of suitors—they quite drive me distracted. But Madeleine, poor child, has no such charms and fascination as Minerva. Frankly, I do not think there is anyone who wants to marry her, and I am quite sure that she cares for no one."

It was here that Dick hesitated. He had not planned just what to say when he had led the professor up to this point, so he, too, studied the carpet for a full minute and then looked at the professor with embarrassment that he could not conceal.

"But if there were someone who did care for her devotedly and for whom she cared in return—would you consent then?"

The professor was too much of a psychologist not to guess that the young man was speaking of himself, though perhaps in his present mood he could not conceive how a seemingly sane young man would choose to assume the task of being Madeleine's husband.

"Mr. Stoner, my hand. Forgive me when I tell you that from the time I first saw you I realized that there was something in your nature that would find harmony in Madeleine's. My knowledge of psychology is not all theoretical, you see. And, in spite of what I have just said, I realized as you have just done that what Madeleine really needed was a husband. So you see my little scheme has worked. But Madeleine is a very sweet girl, in spite of her hoyden ways, and I know you will be happy."

Motorcycle Knocks Deer Out.

Edward Moscow of Carmel, N. Y., was hurled from his speeding motorcycle in a collision with a large deer in the darkness outside this village. He escaped uninjured, but the deer was knocked out, and it lay stunned on the road for an hour. Moscow believed the rays of his searchlight dazzled the deer, for as it emerged from the brush at the roadside and got in his path, it suddenly turned and charged, head-on, catapulted into the ditch and the motorcycle was wrecked. The deer remained motionless. Moscow took his broken motorcycle to a garage, and when he returned for the carcass of the deer, which he supposed was dead, he found it had recovered and fled.

Too Hard to Damage.

Rastus—Yo' say yo' wife hit yo' on de haid wid a plate? I don't see no marks on yo' haid.

Ephraim—No, but yo' should hab seen dat plate.

Has He Registered YOUR Name For Service?

Women of Pennsylvania, have you seen it?—the shadow that dims the sun.

Listen? The air seems vibrant as if stirred by distant thunder.

A tempest is upon us—a storm worse than any America has known, and its danger signals are far-flung.

The storm has crept in from Transatlantic shores. The air, too, was surcharged there—made vibrant by the gun-peals of human hate. Take heed! There is a warning for you in these far-flung signals. If you have not read it, read now.

War—merciless war—has been unleashed to wreak its fury upon you and yours.

The extent to which that fury will ravage America depends very largely upon the part the women of America decide to take in the war.

If you and every other woman capable of giving some useful service will promptly give that service so that America may strike with crushing effect, then the dread of what the war will bring need not be all upon this side of the Atlantic.

Therefore, it remains for you—the women of Pennsylvania and of the nation—to make a momentous decision.

Will you stand back now, supinely claiming exemption from unusual effort upon the plea of sex?

Or will you come forward to work in some useful capacity that will give the fighting men of your country the support they need to win the war?

That is what is being asked of you and of every other woman of working age in Pennsylvania. Your decision will mean much to your state and to your country. It may mean even more to you.

Remember: The worst trials that defeat brings to a conquered people invariably are the horrors experienced by its women. Keep stricken Belgium and outraged France before you—then decide that you will do your utmost to make defeat impossible for America.

Every Woman Needed.

If you have any doubt about the help of every woman being needed now consider these facts:

One million men in Pennsylvania alone have been holding themselves subject to a call to the colors since Registration day, June 5, last. One hundred thousand recruits—the pick of the state's manhood—have already been taken from productive employment for army and navy service. Additional thousands are being drafted with machine-like precision. Still more thousands have been drafted from ordinary into war employments.

Every man called leaves another gap in the army of production. Every man drawn means, also, that four new workers must be found to produce the things that will give him fighting efficiency.

With industry losing its workmen and, on the other hand, being required to produce a greater output than ever it is apparent that new labor sources must be tapped or disaster may result

You women who have never been required to earn your living—and there are some hundreds of thousands of you—constitute the most important undeveloped labor reserve in Pennsylvania. If you will from patriotic inspiration accept some useful work, even though you do not need to earn money, you will help amazingly to solve a labor crisis which, with the country at war, ranks as a positive menace.

How to Find Work.

To assist you in finding the job you are willing to fill as a patriotic duty—to train you for the job if necessary—a registration of women is now being conducted under State and Federal supervision. The Pennsylvania Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense and the Civilian Service Department of the Pennsylvania Committee of Public Safety have it in charge.

It is a registration that is determining the complete "woman-power" of the state. It is showing with exactness the total number of women, trained and untrained, of working age and it is classifying them according to their capacity for work. The purpose is to inform the government—the United States Department of Labor—of how far it may rely upon women's energy as a productive resource.

Even the women who are unable to take regular positions, but who can accept work at home are being listed. The plan has the support of President Wilson and is commended by Governor Brumbaugh, who, by official proclamation, fixed November 1 and 2 as special registration days.

In conducting the registration, no interference with existing labor situations or with useful industries is permitted. While workers as well as non-workers are being listed, trained workers are not being solicited to change employers or employment. In fact, established industries will be assisted. Part of the plan is to place new workers at jobs in their home sections and thus encourage and speed up useful, established production.

Signing Up Is Easy.

Registration, too, has been made easy. Every organized group of women in the State is taking names. County Committees of Public Safety, Federated Clubs, Suffrage Associations and Women's Christian Temperance Unions anywhere will sign you up.

And now that you have learned of the dire need of women's service in this world crisis, it is for you—the women of the state—to make your registration a roll of honor for Pennsylvania.

With the future of all civilization, with human liberty itself in imminent peril the call from the "Front" is for "workers, more workers, and still more workers."

Work will win the war.

Let the women of Pennsylvania by their actions say, "WE WILL NOT SHIRK."

HE BLAZED NEWSPAPER TRAIL

Young Ohio Printer Established Indianapolis' First News Disseminator in 1822, in Log Cabin.

The first newspaper published in Indianapolis was the Indianapolis Gazette, started in January, 1822, by Nathaniel Bolton, a young printer who came from Ohio. He was born at Chillicothe, once an Indian town, and later for a few years the capital of Ohio. He learned the printer's trade there and moved to Indianapolis a year after the capital was located there. In a reminiscent address many years later he said:

"The Gazette was established in a buckeye log cabin of but one room, part of which was occupied for a family residence. It was printed on new type. The ink was put on with balls made of dressed deer skin stuffed with wool. The balls, when out of use, were kept soft by the application of raccoon oil. There was no post office nearer than Connersville, a distance of 60 miles; but a private mail was established and a person employed to go to Connersville every four weeks to bring the letters and newspapers. In February, 1823, the president's message, delivered in December, 1822, came to hand and was published in the two or three succeeding numbers of the Gazette. During the year 1822 a United States mail was established, and in a short time we had our mail from the East every two weeks, unless detained by high waters." A year after starting the Gazette Mr. Bolton became a mail carrier. In his reminiscent address he says:

"In 1823, having received a contract from the postmaster general, I proceeded with the first United States mail north of Indianapolis to the then recently deserted village of Andersontown. A post office on the route was established at the home of William Connor, four miles south of Noblesville, and there was another post office at Strawtown, a prairie of considerable magnitude, where many remains of the Indian village that had been located there were still standing."

For any itchiness of the skin, for skin rashes, chap, pimples, etc., try Doan's Ointment. 50c at all drug stores.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 1, 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$125
One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

Rabbit season opens today. The cottontails will be on the jump and having the laugh on ninety-nine percent of the hunters.

When you stop to realize that the old-fashioned field pumpkin is now sold by pound you naturally wonder what will be next on the program.

The present price of eggs would suggest that possibly they are wanted for use as bullets on the other side. They are too expensive for use at home.

There are lots of experts to tell us how to cook our foods to get the most out of them, but thus far not a blessed expert has risen to explain how to get the price of the said foods.

Beginning with tomorrow it will cost you three cents to mail a letter and two cents to purchase a postal card. Fortunate indeed are they who have no friends to whom to write letters. Perhaps we all will receive fewer bills.

Let everybody who possibly can turn out Saturday night for the big celebration in honor of the Centre County conscripts who depart on Monday for Camp Meade. The least we can do is to give the boys a send-off that will make them realize their services are appreciated.

Judge Quigley's idea to expedite business by concentrating court trials in one week and doing away with two traverse juries will effect a saving in dollars and cents to Centre County and at the same time enable many busy men to remain at their regular duties. The plan is founded upon common sense and will command the approval of the taxpayers.

Mr. Garfield, the coal dictator, advised the public in September not to buy coal before October 1st, promising them reduced prices and plenty of coal. Here we are on November 1st, and Mr. Garfield's promise turns out to be so much hot air on a cold day. The price of coal is still up in the clouds and the supply is scarcer than ever. Mr. Garfield seemingly has promises to burn, and that's about what most of us will have to do with them.

Washington despatches say that a new army of 5,000,000 men will be drafted early next spring, and that the age limit will be from 19 to 35 years. Lowering the minimum age limit from 21 to 19 years will secure a much larger percentage of the total number drafted than was possible under the present draft. Reverses in Italy is the reason given for the intention to raise the new army one year earlier than originally planned. It would appear that the next ten months will see upward of 6,000,000 American soldiers fighting on foreign soil.

WRITES FROM FRANCE.

(continued from page 1)

was it and one daughter, a peach of a looking girl who had been in England and could speak English, told me her father wanted me to come to their Chateau and spend the night. You can just bet I said I would be delighted so I got in the machine and rode for about a mile to the most beautiful Chateau I have ever seen. They certainly were wonderful to me and gave a dinner in my honor. I was quite a hero. I stayed there two nights before a machinist came and I certainly had the time of my life. The father's name was ——— and one daughter's name was——— and she was a wonderful looking French girl. She has written to me twice since I came back. I may go to visit her instead of going to Paris.

I drove back to Orleans the third morning and started out again in the afternoon. I was seventy-five miles from school and had to fly home in the clouds all the way. Our Chief Pilot, who is a French Lieutenant and runs the school, told me I had done very well indeed and he was very much pleased and surprised that I had not broken the machine or my neck. I don't see how I didn't kill myself. I thought sure I was a goner.

This is a long letter for me. With love to you all.

Budd.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Mrs. Joseph Undercofler left Bellefonte Wednesday morning to visit relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

H. C. Woodring, a prominent and enterprising citizen of Port Matilda, was among the callers at this office Wednesday afternoon.

L. A. Shaffer, assistant manager of the Whiterock Lime Co., is recovering from a rather serious illness at his home on East Curtin Street.

Mrs. Fred Deitz, of Johnstown, who had been spending a few days in Bellefonte as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Mayes, left Wednesday afternoon for her home.

Mrs. Joseph Ceader left Bellefonte Wednesday afternoon for Philadelphia to see her son, Joseph Ceader, who has ceen called from Newark, N. J. to League Island Navy yard.

W. E. Tyson, of Tyrone, formerly of Bellefonte, left Saturday evening for Camp Hancock, Augusta, Georgia, where his son is encamped. He was accompanied by Dayid Meredith, of that place, who also has a son there.

Mrs. John G. Love closed up her residence on Linn street and left Bellefonte for Philadelphia Wednesday morning where she will spend the winter with her son John G. Jr., who is taking a law course at the University of Pennsylvania.

Curtis Wolfslagle, an employe of the Titan Metal Co., was working at the bar rolls Wednesday when his right hand was caught and smashed to the extent that one of the fingers was amputated at the first joint. He is sixteen years of age.

Wednesday evening, November 5th, Dr. E. E. Sparks, of State College, will speak in Boal's Hall, Boalsburg. His subject will be "What are we doing to help?" Everybody is cordially invited. The meeting will be called to order at 8 o'clock.

The parade Saturday evening will start from the High School building and it is earnestly requested that the different organizations of the town and people in general will go there and join in making this effort a great success. Don't hesitate but go.

The next entertainment in the Y. M. C. A. Star Course will be next Tuesday evening. It will be a three act comedy entitled "Rejuvenation." It is presented by Clare Vaughan Wales and is bright, clean and comic. If you are after a good laugh there will be the place to go.

The Knights of the Golden Eagle, Bellefonte Castle, No. 357, will hold a meeting in their hall on Tuesday evening, November 6th, at 8 o'clock which will be addressed by Hon. John B. Graybill, past grand chief. All members of the castle and their friends are urged to attend. Refreshments will be served.

Mrs. S. A. Bixler, of Lock Haven, daughter of the late Mrs. George L. Potter, recently presented to the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A., a full history of the United States Army and Navy. It is something that is quite interesting, especially just at this time when both the army and the navy are prominent in the world's war.

At the grave of Mr. Isaac Wyland in the Union cemetery, Bellefonte, is found the first and only tombstone made of concrete. The name and date on the top are made of raised letters which are very plain and distinct. It is the product of Joseph Apt Sr., of Bellefonte, and shows he is an artist of that kind of work.

A chapter of the Red Cross has been organized in Milesburg for some time, occupying the store room and building owned by Toner A. Hugg. It has been given to them free of charge during the progress of the war. The room rented for $10.00 per month and if the war lasts one year he will in this way, have contributed $120.00 to the organization.

Bion Williams, of Curtin, who for thirty-five years had been track foreman on division No. 7 on the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad, left Tuesday morning for Patton, New Mexico, where he joined his sister, his son and his son-in-law, William Brooks. His sister is very wealthy and owns a large ranch in the south. In his departure the community in which he spent most of his life, loses an upright honorable citizen.

A telegram Wednesday to James I. McClure, Bellefonte, gave information that his son, Rev. Samuel McClure, who for years had been a Missionary in China, had just arrived in Seattle, Washington. As he has a number of relatives in the far west he may not reach home for the next month. He is a regularly ordained minister of the Huntingdon Presbytery and went to China with the China Inland Mission.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services beginning Nov. 4: Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, within the octave of All Saints, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 8 45 a. m. Mattins (plain). 10 a. m. Church School. 11 a. m. Holy Eucharist, and sermon, "All Saints:" offering for Armenian Syrian Relief. 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and address, "The Path of The Just." Friday, 7.30 p. m. Litany and instruction. Visitors always welcome. Rev. M. De P. Maynard, rector.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation,—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulets (25c per box) act mildly on the liver and bowels. At all drug stores.

WHY FEAR DEATH'S CALL?

Philosopher Regards Passing Away as Only Natural and Good—Fears the Unnatural.

They were discussing death, a little group of men, all of them in the best of health and the glory of living. Men of the world, in a sense, and enjoying life to its utmost, the subject of death was introduced by the announcement that a widely-known man with whom all of them had been acquainted had passed away.

One of the party, according to the Columbus (O.) Dispatch, said he hated to think of death, that he was actually afraid to think of it. He so loved life that death seemed a terrible enemy, and he would like to escape it. But the philosopher of the party—only he was not known as a philosopher until he delivered his little preachment—said he could not understand such an attitude toward death.

"I am not afraid of anything that is natural," he said. "It is the unnatural that alarms me. It would be unnatural to live forever, and I would hate to be sentenced to such a punishment. But death is natural; I am not afraid of it. Billions of people have died; they are dying every day. Little children have died and old men and women, and the birds and beasts all pass away, and the fishes in the streams, and every living thing upon the earth is to die. Why, then, should a great hulk of a chap like myself, one who has had and is having his time, why should I fear death?"

Not afraid of that which is natural? If only all of us could understand that the natural is good and the unnatural bad, what a splendid world it would be for everything and everybody.

CURIOUS LEGACIES ARE LEFT

Man Wills Wife a Farthing, to Be Forwarded to Her in an Unstamped Envelope.

A gentleman lately left "the large oaken walking-stick, with silver head bearing verses alluding to it having been a sapling grown from an acorn planted on my great-grandfather's wedding day," to his nephew, and to his sister "the damask tablecloth with figures and armorial bearings commemorating the marriage of Louis IV of France."

A Liverpool lady, who died lately, left to her nephew—nephews seem to be specially favored—her doormats except parlor mats and the oilcloth in the hall. Perhaps she feared he might sell the oilcloth and go in for riotous living on the proceeds.

The will of an eccentric lady contained the following clause: "As to my sisters, nieces, nephew, brother-in-law, cousin, nothing shall come from me to them but a bag of sand to rub themselves with. None deserve even a good-by. I do not recognize a single one of them." Dear old thing! Meanest of all, however, was the man who left his wife a farthing, with directions that it should be forwarded to her in an unstamped envelope!—Tit-Bits.

Curious Timekeepers.

To ascertain the time at night, the Apache Indians employed a gourd on which the stars of the heavens were marked. As the constellations rose in the sky, the Indian referred to his gourd and found out the hour. By turning the gourd around he could tell the order in which the constellation might be expected to appear.

The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quids of betel-nuts chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, the Dutch colonial assembly was invariably dismissed at the last puff of the third pipe of tobacco of Gov. Wouter Van Twiller.

A Montagnis Indian of Canada will set up a tall stick in the snow when traveling ahead of friends who are to follow. He marks with his foot the line of shadow cast, and by the change in the angle of the shadow the on-coming party can tell, on arriving at the spot, about how far ahead the leader is.

Flowers of the States.

Twenty-six states of the Union have adopted state flowers—official or formally agreed upon emblems. Massachusetts is not one of them, although there is a sort of growing idea, amounting almost to common consent, that the trailing arbutus is our state flower, says the Boston Transcript. If it is, we have that emblem in common with the province of Nova Scotia. Connecticut has a legally adopted flower, and it is in many respects the finest possessed by any state in the Union. It is the mountain laurel. There are flowers more beautiful than our laurel of the woods, but its bloom is so easily conventionalized, so bright and so decorative, that it is peculiarly fitted for emblematic purposes.

Time to Work Hard.

When fortune begins to smile upon you is the time you will have to spunk up most. Then it is that most folks begin to take it easy—and fail. Getting into the public eye is a challenge to make good. There are thousands of others in the same business. You must surpass them or remain one of the crowd. If the place you occupy gets crowded you must spunk up a little more. Put on a little more steam, a little more brains and push are needed. Maybe the other fellow is at his limit now. Keep on pushing to the front. The courage with which you strive will receive its reward. Work with brain and hand and the victory is bound to be yours.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Royal Baking Powder
saves eggs in baking

In many recipes only half as many eggs are required, in some none at all, if an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder is used, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

Try the following recipes which *also conserve white flour as urged by the government.*

Corn Meal Griddle Cakes

1½ cups corn meal
1½ cups boiling water
¾ cup milk
1 tablespoon shortening
1 tablespoon molasses
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
NO EGGS

Scald corn meal in bowl with boiling water; add milk, melted shortening and molasses; add flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot greased griddle until brown.

(The Old Method called for 2 eggs)

Eggless, Milkless, Butterless Cake

1 cup brown sugar
1¼ cups water
1 cup seeded raisins
2 ounces citron, cut fine
⅓ cup shortening
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup flour
1 cup rye flour
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Boil sugar, water, fruit, shortening, salt and spices together in saucepan 3 minutes. When cool, add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mix well; bake in loaf pan in moderate oven about 45 minutes.

(The Old Method [Fruit Cake] called for 2 eggs)

Send for our new booklet "55 Ways to Save Eggs." Mailed free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., Dept. H., 135 William Street, New York

Death of Andrew Lawrence.

Andrew Lawrence, of Snow Shoe, was brought to the Bellefonte hospital Monday suffering from pneumonia and Tuesday he died. He was a miner and is survived by a wife and a large family of children. The funeral takes place this (Thursday) afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Triplets Born on a Train.

Mrs. J. C. Atkinson, of Seattle, Washington, became the mother of triplets aboard a westbound Rock Island train a few days ago. Two of the children were born in Kansas and the third at Peoonic Siding, just across the Colorado line.

IMPORTANT TO BE ON TIME

Even the Biggest Men of Affairs Arrange Their Business on Punctuality as Safe Guide.

A young Kentuckian lost a big fortune by being 20 minutes late in keeping a business engagement, according to the Christan Herald.

The cheerless old fellow with the scythe always gets all that is coming to him. And there is many a bad scar on our fortunes where he has had to prod us up to the mark.

Time is cheap and we are apt to think we can filch it as we will. But it is always ourselves we rob, not time.

Maybe you can waste your own time by being late in keeping engagements and feel that the loss, if any, is your own affair. But it also is the affair of the man you keep waiting. You waste his time, too. If your time is worthless, maybe his is not. He may conclude that his time is worth more to him than you are.

In many cases it may not matter much. But one never knows until afterward whether it matters or not. And through false politeness we are usually assured that it does not matter even when it does.

Only the idle and careless, whose time is of the least value, can afford to waste it by looseness in keeping engagements.

It may be hard to acquire the fixed habit of always being on time, but it can be done, and it is worth while to do it.

Great business men have this habit. Men of great affairs, whose time is most completely taken up, are usually on time. It is they who know best the value of time and the importance of saving it by being prompt.

Odd Indian Foot Race.

A foot race among the Tarahumare Indians is a most picturesque scene, especially after nightfall, when the course is lit up by flaming torches carried by the eager friends of the runners, who steadily pursue their way, the only silent people in the excited crowd. How in this weird fitful light the men contrive to keep the ball in view is a mystery. One would think that so small an object would be lost in the flickering torchlight; but Indians have wonderful eyes as well as wonderful muscles, and somehow the ball survives all perils and is there at the finish.

In these races the runners receive no prizes, but only honor and glory and the admiration of the women, which no doubt fully repays them. It is, however, customary for those who win wagers on the race to give some part of their winnings to the men who have won; but this is optional.

Splinterless Goggles.

Splinterless goggles are a new development that is expected to be of great value in military gas masks and for aviators, as well as for machinists, welders and other workers requiring protection for the eyes. The lenses consist of two layers of optical glass separated by a layer of celluloid, the whole being perfectly welded together. The product is claimed to have the advantages of ordinary glass without its dangerous splintering on being broken, and the strength of celluloid without its inflammability and lack of rigidity. The heat insulating effect of the celluloid is said also to prevent clouding by moisture.

Repudiate Women Pickets.

That the policy of having women do picket duty at the White House at Washington is not approved by the National American Woman Suffrage Association is emphasized in the following resolution adopted recently:

"Whereas, in spite of the fact that the National American Woman Suffrage Association and its various state and county branches have repeatedly repudiated the picketing at Washington and repeatedly explained that the small group of women carrying on this and similar activities are in no way connected with the national organization, there still exists in the public mind such misconception as to bring injury to the cause of woman's suffrage and to the efforts of the women, who subordinating their own cause and turning their energies and organizations to the service of the nation; therefore, be it,

"Resolved, that we, the Woman's Suffrage Party of the 15th and 21st congressional districts of the State of Pennsylvania, in session at Lock Haven, Oct. 25, 1917, again repeat this explanation and that we as women and suffragists repudiate and renounce the pickets, their organization and methods.

Cut with a Razor.

Friday evening Abe Jackson, (colored) of Bellefonte, gave a dinner in honor of Thomas Johnston and Robert Lytle, the two colored conscript men who left Bellefonte Monday morning for Camp Meade. There were quite a number present and a good time in general was the result. During the evening Harry Thompson appeared on the scene and wanted to be numbered among the guests. It is claimed he had been drinking and thus he was refused admittance when a little fracus took place between he and "Joe" Barker, one of the invited guests. In the tussle the fingers of both men came in touch with the sharp edged instrument and thus the blood flowed freely. Chief Harry Dukeman was called to bring peace and locked Thompson up. He was afterward released.

Special Revival Services.

Friday of this week, Nov. 2nd will be given in the Bellefonte Methodist Episcopal church, to a Revival Institute. There will be three sessions; morning, afternoon and evening. The evening session will include the Second and Third Joint Quarterly Conference. Eight neighbor pastors and the District Superintendent will share in the worship and studies of the day. A rare opportunity will be afforded the people of our town and vicinity to learn about a very important phase of christian work.

Next Sunday will be the time of the autumn Communion. The Holy Supper will be administered at both preaching hours. Special evangelistic meetings will follow for a week or perhaps longer. The Rev. L. Don Ott, pastor at Jersey Shore, will preach each evenings, except Saturday, and on the following Sunday, November 11th.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Pennsylvania Day.

Pennsylvania Day will be observed at Pennsylvania State College, Saturday, November 9th. If present plans are carried out, Secretary of Labor Wilson will be the principal speaker.

The review of the cadet regiment will be held at 1.30 on East Beaver Field. At this time the James A. Beaver and Henry W. Shoemaker sabres will be given to the Sophomore and Freshman companies showing the greater proficiency in drill. The Lehigh-Penn State football game will start immediately after on New Beaver Field at 2.30 p. m.

Feel languid weak run down? Headache? Stomach "off?" A good remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your druggist. Price $1.00.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter 42
Eggs 42

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat $2.00
Corn 1.80
Oats 60
Rye 1.50

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

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We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

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We have for sale the following machines—all guaranteed:—

2 Standard Machi...
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Repair work neatly and promptly attended to on all makes of talking machines, guns, locks, etc

Bryan & Rosenhoover

1st door above main entrance to Garman Opera House

Correspondence

Pine Grove Mills

We had the first touch of winter a day or two ago, when the earth was covered with robes of the purest white. The thermometer glided about the 38 mark.

Henry McWilliams had a close call for his life on Saturday morning. He was engaged in stabling a cross "Deacon" when the animal got the better of him. The enraged bull pretty nearly butted the life out of him before several neighbors armed with pitchforks arrived on the scene and drove it away long enough for Mr. McWilliams to be rescued from his perilous position. Fortunately he sustained no broken bones, but he was bruised badly. It is expected that he will come around all right, although he suffered greatly from shock.

A little daughter arrived a few days ago at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Hess. For the present she has been named Liberty Bond. She will share in the toys of her two years old brother Earnest.

Frank Swabb and daughter and son Claude and Ida Williams motored to Tyrone and spent Sunday at the Fred Williams home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Fry and Mrs. Esther Richie, of Altoona, were entertained at dinner on Sunday at the Mack Fry home.

County Superintendent of Schools D. O. Etters enjoyed a spin down the pike Sunday afternoon in his Overland.

E. L. Sunday, of near Bellefonte, spent the Sabbath with his cousin J. W. Sunday on East Main street.

Miss Irene Pletcher spent last week with her parents at Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dale on Sunday visited Miss Lillian Dale at the Bellefonte hospital, where she underwent a severe surgical operation ten days ago.

James Hoover and wife and three of the older children in their Henry Ford departed last Thursday for a cross-country tour through sopthern Pennsylvania and West Virginia, expecting to be gone about two weeks.

Ticks off the wire on Monday notified relatives in this section of the death of aged Rachel Anderson, who passed away at Leechburg Sunday night. She was 80 years old and was a life-long member of the Lutheran church. Surviving are a son, living in Philadelphia, also three sisters and two brothers. Burial was made at Mifflinburg on Tuesday.

Boalsburg.

Charles Fisher, of Danville, spent a short time here with his mother, Mrs. E. A. Fisher, recently.

Miss Martha Houtz has gone to Wheeling, West Va., where she will enter the Ohio Valley General Hospital and train for a nurse.

The Misses Anna, Cathryn and Ella Dale spent Friday of last week at Bellefonte.

Mrs. Mary Taylor, of Reedsville, spent several days of last week with relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McElvaine are visiting friends and relatives here. Mrs. McElvaine before her marriage was Miss Leona Wieland, a former resident of this place, but who now lives at Lebanon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Trestor and Mrs. Raker, of Raker, were recent visitors at the home of Henry Reitz.

Misses Mary Reish and Nora Miller spent Sunday with their brother, Jacob Reish, at Rock Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Allman, of Houserville, and Mrs. Murray and daughter, Belle, of Lemont, spent Sunday afternoon at the home of W. A. Murray.

Miss Helen Coxey and friend Miss Abyss, of Tyrone, were over Sunday visitors with the former's mother, Mrs. Nannie Coxey.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tinsley and daughter, of Altoona, and Mrs. Talhelm, of Julian, spent several days last week at the home of William Patterson.

Mt. Eagle.

Mr. Editor:—After a long absence I thought I would drop you a few lines to say "Howd'y" after my return from Vicksburg where I attended the Peace Jubilee. I was there for a week for the reunion of the Blue and the Gray and it would be stating it mildly to say that I had a good time. There were present three of the old Company E, 45th Regiment G. W. Loner, Porter Bateman and J. R. Pheasant. All told I judge there were on hand about 150 of the 45th and everybody had the best kind of a time. We left Altoona on the 13th and landed at Vicksburg on the 15th, receiving there a royal welcome from the citizens and the boys in Gray. We were provided with good quarters and plenty to eat. Uncle Sam fed us all right. We spent three three days sight-seeing along the line and in the cemetery, as well as taking in the sights in the city. Everybody was very kind to us. Mrs. Austin Curtin, with whom I visited and had tea with her and her mother, entertained us royally with good old southern hospitality. Leaving Vicksburg Friday morning we stopped off at Chattanooga where we visited the battlefield of Lookout Mountain which is worth half a man's life to see. Old Thomas they say, fought above the clouds, but this is a mistake for he fought around the base of the mountain but his men climbed up over the mountain after the Johnnies retreated back on to Missionary Ridge where the battle of Chickamauga was fought. I secured some interesting postcards of scenes that I visited. Arrived home safely on Tuesday. From your friend,

J. R. PHEASANT.

Fleming.

Miss Annie Blair departed last week for St. Augustine, Florida.

Mrs. H. M. Stere, after visiting relatives and friends in Philipsburg, returned home Saturday evening.

Rev. V. L. Wagner and family motored here from their home at Gordon, Pa., for a few days hunt. He run the 125 miles in 4 hours—going some.

D. E. Fisher and son shipped a car load of potatoes on Tuesday. Sorry to see the tubers go.

Earl Hosband arrived home from Camp Meade on Saturday somewhat under the weather. Eight weeks training there proved to the doctors that he was physically unfit for service.

David Keatly unloaded a car of soft coal on Monday. This coal is from Osceola and they say it is the finest that has been unloaded here.

Ed Bullock, the prosperous lumberman, of Julian has purchased a new Oldsmobile 8. He brought his family to our town on Sunday to try their new machine. It sure is some car.

The Bald Eagle poultry farm has put 300 leg-horn pullets in their new quarters. H. C. Peters and J. H. Fisher, both experienced poultrymen, are at the head of the above plant. It no doubt will produce some eggs this winter.

Centre Mills.

Mr. and Mrs George Kline, of Jersey Shore, visited the latter's parents at this place on Sunday.

Mrs. Page moved her family from Rockville to Rebersburg last week.

Charles Coble, of Smullton, is working at Linden Hall at present.

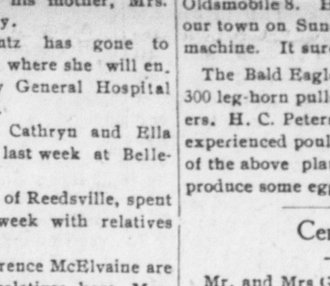
Mrs. Lenah Bechtol is suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Rush and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hackman visited friends at Zion on Sunday.

Coming the Great Drama.

"The Girl Without a Chance," Thursday, November 9th. This particular play has drawn the largest crowds of any play presented in years. It has played in Philadelphia in two or three of the theatres and has played return dates every where. Prices 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents.

Advertise in "The Republican."



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

Woodward.

Rev. Dasch and wife of Hyndman, moved their household goods to the home of the lady's sister, Miss Sadie Walter, where they will make their home. On account of ill health, he was compelled to quit preaching for a while.

After spending a few weeks at the home of Thomas Wolfe, Miss Mary Foreman returned to her home in State College last Friday.

J. W. Guisewite and I N. Orndorf transacted business in Millheim Monday.

After spending the summer with her brother, Harry, in Mifflinburg, Miss Edna Wolfe returned to her home Saturday.

Mrs. Simon Showalter, of Sunbury, is spending some time with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Motz.

William Fultz, who is employed at Northumberland, spent a few days with his family.

Mrs. Allen Yearick entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Katherman, of Laurelton, Sunday.

Austin Moyer and wife, and N. Lose and wife, of Coburn, spent the Sabbath at the Lewis Orndorf home.

Mrs. G. W. Musser Dead.

On Wednesday of last week, Mrs. Mary E. Musser, wife of George W. Musser, a brother of L. H. Musser, of Bellefonte, passed away suddenly at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clay Budd, at Mill Hall. While sitting at the breakfast table she had an attack of heart trouble and died while being carried from the table to the couch. The deceased was 73 years of age and was a daughter of Agnew and Katherine Kephart Sellers and was born in Buffalo Run valley where she made her home the greater part of her life. It has been stated that her husband preceded her to the grave but that is a mistake. Mr. Musser is living with the following children: Mrs. Samuel Wilson, Graysville; Mrs. Harry Evey, Pleasant Gap, and Mrs. Clay Budd, of Mill Hall. She also leaves one sister and a brother, Mrs. Benner Way, of State College, and C. M. Sellers, of Fillmore. The funeral services were held in Mill Hall Thursday evening at 7 o'clock and on Friday morning the body was taken to Tyrone for burial.

Mrs. A. A. Huffman Dead.

Mrs. Clara A. Huffman, widow of the late A. A. Huffman, died Sunday afternoon at 2.45 o'clock at her home at Lockport, N. Y., from progressive paralysis. She was the daughter of William A. and Angeline Saph and was born at Lockport. Her age was 73 years, 7 months and 5 days. Several years ago she and her husband came to Bellefonte and made their home with W. Harrison Walker. She was a quiet, unassuming lady who had quite a number of warm friends here. She was married to A. A. Huffman on July 26th, 1863, who preceded her to the grave in June 1917. She belonged to the Presbyterian church and lived a devoted, christian life. She is survived by one son, Clarence E. Huffman, of Richmond, Indiana, also by two brothers: Albert Saph, Erie, and Edward Saph, Bradford. The remains were brought to Bellefonte Wednesday morning and taken to the residence of W. Harrison Walker on Linn Street, where funeral services were held in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. Dr. W. R. McKinney officiating. Interment in the Union cemetery.

Joel Herr Dead.

Joel Herr, one of the most prominent citizens of Clinton county, and who was widely known throughout Centre county, especially among the farmers, died Wednesday night of last week in the hospital at Lock Haven at the age of 79 years. Last March he suffered a paralytic stroke and had since been an invalid. For years he had been a trustee of State College and a member of the State Board of Agriculture which brought him in touch with many prominent people throughout the state. He was a great friend of the late Leonard Rhone, of Centre Hall, and took a deep interest in the Granger's Picnic.

Death of Mrs. S. L. Force.

Susan L. Force died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Askey, at Pine Glenn, Wednesday October 17th 1917, at 10.45 p. m., after an illness of eight weeks from heart trouble. She was the widow of Jefferson Force, who died some years ago. She was the daughter of Emily and John Mulhollan, one of the first settlers of Burnside township. Deceased was born July 17th 1841, making her age 76 years and four months. She is survived by eight children, sixty-four grandchildren and sixty great grandchildren. Funeral service at the Advent church, Rev. Shannon officiating.

Death of Bertha Harshberger.

Friday Bertha Harsberger, aged 13 years, daughter of James Harshberger, of Tusseyville, was brought to the Bellefonte hospital suffering from diabetes and appendicitis. She received the best of treatment under the circumstances but grew worse and died Sunday. In health she was a bright and interesting little girl and her umtimely death is greatly lamented. The funeral was held Tuesday.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

Lawrence E. Meckley Dead.

Lawrence Everett Meckley died at his home at Altoona at 12.35 o'clock Saturday morning of uremic poisoning. He was taken ill on Friday and grew gradually worse until he passed away. Deceased was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Meckley, residents on the Decker farm near Juniata, until last Friday, when they moved to Altoona. He was born on August 18th 1904, and was attending the public school until taken ill. He is survived by his parents and six brothers; Clarence, of Juniata Gap; J. S., Millheim; Leslie, Snow Shoe; Clair, James and Lemuel at home. He was a member of the Juniata Methodist Episcopal church. Funeral services were conducted at the home at 10.30 o'clock Wednesday morning. The body was taken to Bellefonte where services were held in the Meyer church at Hunters park. Interment in the Meyer cemetery.

William C. Goodwin Dead.

William Charles Goodwin, a highly respected citizen of Spruce Creek valley died at his home at Pennsylvania Furnace on Wednesday of last week after an illness resulting from a paralytic stroke. Deceased was born at McVeytown, September 13th, 1844, and there he passed his early life. On July 4th, 1868, he was united in marriage to Margaret Ann Work, of Rock Springs, Centre County, who preceded him to the grave seventeen years ago. He was a veteran of the Civil war, serving four years in the Ninth Pennsylvania cavalry. He is survived by five children, Mrs. E. B. Weaver, Pennsylvania Furnace; Henry, Boalsburg; W. C., jr., Margery and Nancy Jane, at home. The funeral was held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, interment in the Methodist cemetery.

A GENEROUS ACT

Sheriff Yarnell Gives a Dinner in Honor of Two Colored Conscripts.

Sheriff George Yarnell, of Bellefonte, is no respector of persons when he thinks something is right, and he always manages to do the right thing at the right time. The first colored conscripts to leave Bellefonte for Camp Meade were Thomas Johnston, of Bellefonte, and Robert Lytle, of Snow Shoe. They left Monday morning early but there was hardly anybody knew they were going. To send these boys to the trenches without some kind of a demonstration didn't appeal to the Sheriff so on Saturday morning he called up Clyde Blackford, the Bellefonte restauranteur, and made arrangements for a dinner. At the appointed time, Saturday evening, ten guests assembled at the restaurant and partook of a meal elaborate enough to set before the gods. The Sheriff was toastmaster and among the dinner orators were Capt. H. S. Taylor, John Noll, Rev. L. V. Jones and Dr. W. H. Trus, the colored presiding elder, from Pittsburgh, who happened to be here on official business. Edward Gates and Edward Gherret were among the guests of the evening. Sheriff Yarnell is therefore to be congratulated for the interest he has taken in the Centre County draft in seeing that the men get all that is coming to them. Everbody had a good time and the two colored men left with more "pep" and determination to put the Kaiser out of business than had they left with no attention paid to them.

No Coal; Plant Shut Down.

Inability to secure coal is responsible for the closing down of two open hearth furnaces, the new wheel rolling mill and the tire mill at the Standard Steel works, near Lewistown. Other departments are being kept going by using oil. The situation has become quite alarming as considerable of their orders are for the government and must be gotten out as quickly as possible.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Mary J. Toon vs. W H. Toon.
In the Court of Common Pleas of Center County No. 52, September Term 1917.
In Re Divorce.
To W. H. Toon, Whereas your wife, Mary J. Toon has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Center County No. 52 September term 1917, praying for a divorce against you and now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the first Monday of November 1917 to answer the complaint of your wife, Mary J. Toon and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary J. Toon should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
October 15, 1917.

Notice in Divorce.

Robert Adams vs. Lucy Adams.
In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County.
No. 65 August Term 1905.
Subpoena in Divorce.
To Mrs. Lucy Adams, Respondent in the above stated case.
You are hereby notified that I have been appointed Master to take the testimony in the above stated case and to report the same to Court with my findings and recommendations and for that purpose I will meet all parties interested at the office of J. K. Johnston, Atty. No. 5 E. High Street Bellefonte Borough, Pa., on Thurs lay Nov. 8th. 1917 at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time and place you may attend with your witnesses and be heard, if you so desire.

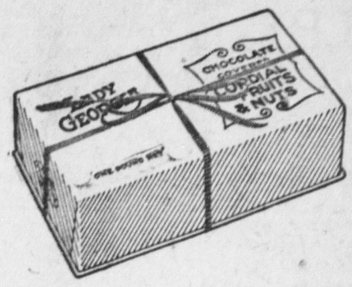
J. THOMAS MITCHELL,
Master.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Mary E. Beightol vs. Harvey D. Beightol.
In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916. In Re Divorce.
To Harvey D. Beightol:—Whereas your wife, Mary E. Beightol has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 73 December Term 1916, praying for a Divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before the First Monday in December, 1917, to answer the complaint of your wife, Mary E. Beightol, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary E. Beightol should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered with you, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
October 2, 1917.

Fine Chocolates



Crisp, rich chocolates with luscious Nut and Fruit filling in a well assorted variety.

Special 39c Full Pound Box

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of several writs of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1917
at 10:00 A M. the following described real estate, to wit:

All those certain messuages, tenements or pieces or parcels of land situate in Township of Howard, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

THE FIRST THEREOF:-

Beginning at a post in the centre of the public road and the centre of The Bald Eagle Valley Railroad thence along the center of said public road the several courses and distances 72 perches to a post thence by land of Conrad Long, dec'd, S. 62 degrees W. 26 perches to post, thence by land of Bernard Louth estate N. 20 degrees, W. 46¼ perches to the centre of the said Bald Eagle Valley Railroad and thence by the course of the said railroad 84 perches to the place of beginning containing 14 acres be the same more or less. Together with the right of the said Howard Brick Company to convey its surplus water in and through the old tail race beginning at the railroad culvert at or near the line of the premises above described, thence passing through the lands of the estate of Bernard Lauth under the public road leading into the race belonging to the Howard Rolling Mill; the said water right being conveyed or intended to be conveyed as an appurtenent to the premises herein described being the same premises which John N. Lauth, Darius P. Greth and William Willhelm, executors of etc of Bernard Lauth dec'd. by their deed dated the first day of November 1904 and recorded in Centre County in Deed Book No. 94 page 325 granted and conveyed to the said Howard Brick Company the aforesaid mortgagor in fee.

THE SECOND THEREOF, Beginning at a post on line of the cemetery lot on the northeastern side of a public road, thence by said lot South 60 degrees 30 points West 30¼ perches to post thence by land of S. I. Reber South 36 degrees 30 points East 17 perches to post; thence by land of William Long North 64 degrees 45 points East 9 perches to post; thence South 24 degrees East 4 perches to post; thence North 64 degrees 45 points East 1.8 perches to post; thence South 23 degrees East 2 perches to a post on the aforesaid public road thence by the same the several courses thereof about 29.6 perches to the place of beginning. Containing about 2 acres more or less, being a portion of the same premises which Emma S. Cook and Charles E. Cook her husband by their deed dated the 20th day of June 1905, and recorded in Deed Book No. 98, page 77 granted and conveyed up to the said Howard Brick Company the aforesaid mortgagor, in fee.

THE THIRD THEREOF. Beginning at a point on the northern side of a public road, at corner of land of Wm. J. Haagen, thence by the same North 61 degrees East 16¼ feet to a stone, thence by land of Thomas Butler North 24 degrees West 28 perches to stone; North 24 degrees West 43 perches to stones; and North 32 degrees West 15 perches to stone; thence by land of Emma S. Cook North 59½ degrees West 16¼ feet to public road and thence along said public road South 28½ degrees East 86 perches to place of beginning. Containing about one-half of an acre, more or less. The said grantor having reserved the right of three crossings at such places as he may hereafter designate; being the same premises which Thomas Butler by his agreement dated the 24th day of April 1905 and intended to be recorded, granted and conveyed unto the said Howard Brick Company the aforesaid mortgagor, in fee.

THE FOURTH THEREOF: being all the clay, fire clay, and all mineral of every kind whatsoever being on, in and under all that certain piece or parcel of land beginning at a post corner of lands of Montgomery Brothers thence North 61¼ degrees East 89 perches to corner of land of Bernard Lauth thence 30½ degrees West 62.6 perches to corner of lands late of Thomas Butler, thence South 61 degrees West 101.7 perches to Turnpike, and thence said Turnpike its several courses and distances to the place of beginning, together with the full and perpetual and unrestricted right of the said Brick Company of ingress egress and regress both for said Brick Company, its servants employees and assigns for the purpose of mining quarrying, cutting, digging and removing out of, in and from the said premises of any part of all of the said clay, fire clay and all other minerals at any rate and as fast as it may be decided upon by the said Brick Company and with the use of so much of the surface as may be reasonably necessary for the mining, quarrying, digging and removing of said clay and other minerals, and without any liability of any kind whatsoever upon the said Brick Company or its agents to the grantors hereof, their heirs or assigns for any damage done directly or indirectly to the surface right of way, water rights, easements, springs, or anything resting permanently or temporarily upon the surface by reason of the quarrying, mining or excavations of the said Brick Company being the same premises which W. J. Haagen and John Haagen, her husband by their agreement dated the 14th of May 1904 and recorded as aforesaid Miss. Book "O." page 100, &c granted and conveyed unto the said Howard Brick Company the aforesaid mortgagor, in fee.

THE FIFTH THEREOF: being a right of way for the course and maintainance of a tract for tramroad or tramway, starting at the Montgomery property thence crossing the public road in said township of Howard at or near the said Montgomery property, thence along said public road on the Southwestern side thereof, to a point opposite to or near the manufacturing plant of the said Howard Brick Company, and thence crossing the said road to the said manufacturing plant, the said right of way in no place to be more than six feet wide and to as close to one side of the road as possible, and not to interfere with the said public road for use except as so occupied and to keep off the main road bed except where it will be necessary to cross said road above described; the distance of the said tram road to be about 200 rods in length, the said tram road to have its cross ties sunk with the level of the road and to be used by the said Brick Company for transporting its clay and other minerals between its said mining bank and its said manufacturing plant in small cars or trucks with horse or mule power; being the same premises which the Supervisors of Howard Township by their agreement dated June 1st, 1904 and recorded as aforesaid in Miss. Book "O" page 99, etc. granted and conveyed unto the Howard Brick Company, the aforesaid mortgagor in fee. Together with all the kilns, tramways, trestles, chutes and other structures, boilers, engines, apparatus and machinery of every kind and description which the said Howard Brick Company now owns by purchase, lease or otherwise, or may hereafter acquire; together with all corporate assets and franchises. Being a complete Brick Plant with a two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of the Howard Brick Company.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte., Pa.
October 24, 1917.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania.

In the Matter of the Estate of Bruce Hughes, late of Philipsburg Borough, deceased.

The undersigned, Auditor appointed by the said Court to audit and make distribution of the balance in the hands of the Farmer's Trust Company, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Executor of etc., of the said Bruce Hughes deceased, as shown by its First and Final account, duly filed, and confirmed by said Court, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet the parties in interest, for the purpose of his appointment, on Friday, November 2nd, 1917, at 9:00 o'clock A. M. at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims, or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

HARRY KELLER,
Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Elizabeth Woodring.

Letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth Woodring, late of Worth township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, having been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to mail or present the same duly authenticated to H. C. Woodring, Port Matilda, Pa.

H. C. WOODRING,
Administrator.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte, Pa.

DAIRY FEED—J. S. Waite & Co., will get a car load of dairy feed this week.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework in private family of four. Communicate with Mrs. W. H. Martin, State College, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

WANTED—25 Cutters for woods work. Props and Tie Blocks. 4c each. Good Timber—Accommodations ready. Paid every two weeks. In full. 1500 ACRES. J. E. Seeds, Tyrone, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—Solid oak extension dining table with extra leaves, buffet and 6 leather chairs, all match, good as new. In first class condition. Will sell at big bargain to sell it quick. R. Russel Blair.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

HELP WANTED—An unusual opportunity for young women to learn and become graduate nurses from one of Philadelphia's leading hospitals which is noted for the thoroughness of its training in general, surgical and maternity nursing. Comfortable nurses' home, under chaperon graduate nurses. Student nurses paid while learning. Circular information and application blanks upon request. West Philadelphia hospital for women, 4035 Parrish Street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

STUDENT HELP

By Jane Osborn

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ursula had watched the principal guest of the evening with interest. It was the new instructor of psychology, Jorrold Greig, who was being considered for the vacancy in Professor Judson's department at Brompton college. He had come from one of the larger Eastern colleges and brought with him, and very obviously showed in his manner and bearing, more of urbanity than was possessed by most members of the Brompton college faculty. At the head of the table sat Professor Judson, and at the other end Mrs. Judson presiding over the teacups, for Brompton families still drank tea with their evening meal, and had the tea service spread before the mistress of the house in as stately array as the meat platter and carving things were spread at the other end of the table before the host. The rule of etiquette that directs the hostess to seat her man guest of honor at her right and the woman guest of honor at the host's right apparently did not trouble the Judsons, for Mr. Jerrold Greig sat where it was most convenient for the professor to talk with him at his own right, and Mr. Greig's elder sister—for this sister, who, in the event that Mr. Greig received the appointment, would be the head of his household, had come with him—sat at Mrs. Judson's left. Grandfather and grandmother Judson had their usual places on the other side of the table, and Rodney Judson, Professor Judson's eldest son, who had but recently graduated from Brompton, sat between the young aspirant and his sister.

So there were a good many dishes for one small pair of hands to wash unaided and a good many pots and pans had had to be used in preparation for the meal, and in Mrs. Judson's household no pots and pans, however stubbornly they had resisted the first ablutions, were ever left "to soak" till the next day.

So Ursula was still at her work when the clock on the kitchen shelf pointed to nine o'clock. She heard a creaking sound toward the back stairs and wished that the light of the solitary oil lamp shed a more far-reaching glow. Then a door distinctly opened. Yes, it was the back stairs door, and a man's figure that was neither that of Professor Judson nor his son came out of the shadow. It was the young Eastern professor, and he stepped toward Ursula with a degree of embarrassment that was not in very good keeping with the appearance of perfect self-possession and poise that he had shown at dinner.

"I just thought maybe you would give me a glass of water," he began, as Ursula leveled her eyes at him in unfeigned surprise. "Mrs. Judson, I guess, forgot to put any in my room, and I didn't want to bother any of the people upstairs," he fabricated, and then more truthfully: "These country college folks certainly go to bed with the chickens."

"They usually drink the spigot water," Ursula commented with a voice that marked no inflection. Even from the shadow in which Mr. Greig was standing she could see that he was watching her with an interest that was not entirely necessary.

She moved toward the tray, where stood a neat array of perfectly shining glasses, and took one.

"Too bad to have to use a clean one," objected the professor. "I remember when we were youngsters the cook at home used to make us drink out of a tin cup—hated to have to polish extra tumblers, you know."

Ursula made no comment, filled a glass and handed it to the intruder.

"But, then, that cook was very cross," said the man, trying to make his voice sound perfectly self-possessed, but not succeeding, "and this cook isn't cross, is she?"

Still Ursula made no comment.

Jerrold Greig drank the water, for which he had no thirst, and then watched Ursula intently as she continued her task at the sink.

"I used to help the cook of ours dry dishes," he prevaricated, "and I don't see why I shouldn't help you. Every one has gone to bed and I am supposed to be in my room—no one will know." He had taken a towel from the rack and had begun to dry one of the pans that Ursula had just washed. "Do you know," he ventured, encouraged because Ursula had not repulsed his effort at helpfulness, "do you know, you are the most extraordinarily pretty girl I've seen in a long time. I noticed you the first thing we went into the dining room—couldn't keep my eyes off from you, and I fancy I made a jumble of what I said to the professor just because I was so intent on watching you."

"You seemed perfectly self-possessed," commented the girl, without a smile. "I should judge that you are one of the sort that usually does keep a deal of self possession."

A pause followed, and then Greig, seizing another pan from the draining rack, got back to his first track. "You are really too pretty. A girl as pretty as you are has no place in a kitchen. In the place I come from she wouldn't stay in a hole like this for a minute. Hands like yours weren't made for this sort of thing." Then, as the next pan was transferred from the soapy dish water to the draining rack, he tried to seize the slim white hand that held it, but, thanks to the soap and water, it slid easily from his grasp back into the suds.

Then there was a silence broken only by the splashing of the water in Ursula's dishpan; and Ursula's deep blue eyes, as she washed pots and pans with her unwelcome assistant at her side, penetrated deep through the dish water into the region of brown study beyond.

"A penny for your thoughts" was the way the young professor broke the silence.

"I was wondering whether you knew anything about the girls in the college out here. You know it is a co-educational place."

"I'm not especially anxious to meet them," sighed Greig. "A man doesn't care much for that sort of girl—brains don't county for much in women—not half so much as a pretty face like yours." He was looking intently at Ursula who for one fleeting second was tempted to rub the self-satisfied smile from his face with one swoop of her soapy dish cloth. Instead, she looked at the kitchen clock. The hands pointed to a quarter after nine. She knew Rodney would be back from his call on the college president in a few minutes, and until that time she could manage the professor-elect alone.

She assumed a yielding smile of coquetry. "Oh, some of the girls aren't so bad looking," she said. "Some of the poor farmers' daughters take places in the professors' families. In return for working three or four hours a day they get their board and keep and they eat with the families—all except when there is extra company. They call them 'student helps.'"

For a moment the young man looked alarmed. "You don't happen to be one of those girls?" he asked hurriedly. To flirt with a girl who might later be a student in one of his classes and who possessed the dignity of being a candidate for a college degree was quite another thing from passing a few otherwise dull moments with a forlorn little kitchen maid whose youthful charms happened to take his fancy.

"I don't look it, do I?" asked Ursula in a way that dispelled the instructor's anxieties.

"Of course, you don't," he assured her. "When I get this job out here in the fall I'm going to manage somehow to see more of you. Perhaps my sister will get you to work for us instead of the Judsons. No one need know that I arranged it, and somehow we can manage to have a few good times together. I see you aren't going to be cross with me, are you?"

"Then you are really going to get the appointment?" Ursula asked with feigned enthusiasm over the prospect.

"Surely. Did you hear me pulling the wool over the old man's eyes? I did manage to make a good impression, even if you, you little beauty, were doing your best to rattle me. The only person standing in the way of me, I understand, was that son of the professor's, Rodney Judson. And, of course, he wouldn't stand any show against me even with his own father."

Young Mr. Grieg had abandoned the task of assistant and stood very close to the girl's side, where he could see every gradation in the coral tints that came and went in her cheeks under his gaze.

"Good-night, Mr. Grieg," she said, as she heard the first footfall of Rodney Judson outside.

"You won't send me away without a better good-night than that—" that was what the young instructor intended to say, but he never said it. For before he could say more than two syllables Rodney Judson stood before him in the kitchen. He made a badly calculated step toward the back stairs.

"Don't hurry away," said Ursula very sweetly, turning to the professor's son, who was in the kitchen by this time. "Rodney, Mr. Grieg has been down to get a glass of water. Mr. Grieg, it will do no harm to tell you that Mr. Judson and I are engaged—though as yet we have not told even Rodney's parents. I am sure we can depend on your confidence. I was just telling Mr. Grieg about our system of student helps and I was going to explain to him that if it were not for that system I would never have had a chance of coming to college or of meeting you, Rodney."

"Splendid idea," stammered Mr. Grieg. "By all means you can trust me," and then, seizing the empty tumbler, he hurried up the back stairs.

"Good news," said Rodney when they were alone. "The president decided against Grieg when he saw him this afternoon. Wouldn't give his reasons. And he called me over tonight to tell me he would give me the appointment instead. Too bad for poor Grieg, but it means we won't have to wait many months more. Of course, they'll pay Grieg's expenses out here, but I'm sorry for him. He didn't seem like a bad sort, did you think so?"

"I don't believe he would ever have fitted in here at Brompton," Ursula commented. "He wasn't just exactly our sort." And being wiser than her years Ursula never had another comment to make on the rejected instructor.

The Way of It.

"What a tall man Mamie married!"

"Yes, but after they went to housekeeping she found he was always short."

During the Spat.

Naggs—You are a burden to me.

Mrs. Naggs—And you are a beast.

Naggs—Yes, that's it exactly—I am a beast of burden.

ITALIAN A FAITHFUL TOILER

Does Not Drop His Shovel as Other Laborers Do When the Whistle Blows.

There is a much lower percentage of criminality, immorality and insanity among the Italians than among many other immigrant races, Willard Price writes in the World Outlook. As for dependency, statistics for a representative year showed that out of every 28,000 Italians in the city of New York there was only one in the almshouse on Blackwell's island. James Forbes, chief of the mendicant department of the C. O. S., says he has never seen or heard of an Italian tramp. There are practically no drunkards among the Italians.

The immigrant from Italy proves to be a faithful and cheerful worker. When a contractor engaged in building a city sewer was asked why he had only Italians in his employ he replied: "Because they are the best workmen, and there are enough of them. If an Italian down in that ditch has a shovelful of earth halfway up when the whistle blows for dinner, he will not drop it; he will throw it up; others will drop it. And when the lunch hour is over, when the clock strikes the Italian will be leaning on his shovel ready to go to work, but the other fellows will be out under that tree and will be three minutes getting to the job, and three minutes each for 150 men is not a small item."

The Italians are industrious, good-natured, very affectionate toward children, courteous and polite often to the point of dishonesty, generous and self-sacrificing. But the impulse of these excellent qualities is offset by the Italian's dense ignorance, which sentences him to spend the rest of his life after he reaches America in the drudgery of unskilled labor.

JOY FOR THE SCRUB WOMAN

Electrical Machine Does All the Tedious Work While Biddy Stands By and Grins.

The latest recruit to the ranks of electric labor-saving devices is a scrubbing machine. It weighs about 100 pounds and is entirely self-contained, with the single exception that it takes its current from any convenient socket.

The machine wets, sweeps, scrubs and dries the floor at a single operation. It requires only a single attendant, who merely pushes the machine forward and guides it. He controls the amount of water distributed on the floor by means of a handle. This water is immediately swept up by a cylindrical brush which is 16 inches wide and has a circumference of 20 inches. This brush is driven by a one-fourth horsepower motor at a speed of 600 revolutions per minute.

The brush does the actual scrubbing and carries all of the dirt and soiled water over an apron into a separate receiving pan, so the scrubbing is always done with clean water from the upper tank. The machine is said to have a capacity of nearly 7,000 square feet of surface per hour.

Rough for the Slackers.

For some time the boys in khaki have been recruiting from the hurricane deck of a half dozen Fifth avenue buses, which take up positions along the curb of the white light section, says a New York exchange. They have been doing good work and have gained quite a few recruits, but at times their tactics border on the rough-neck way of doing things. For instance, the other night the recruiting buses were stationed at points where the crowds pass, and to the young men who went by, they shouted, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself not to be in uniform?" "That girl isn't decent if she walks with a slacker like you;" "There's another who is robbing his country," and other similar remarks. The intent is to shame the man into enlisting at once. That this is doing harm is evidenced by the attitude of the lookers-on, several comments of whom left little doubt that those who were insulted would be kept away from recruiting.

Just Dream of Love.

Turkish girls seem to prepare themselves for marriage in the absence of lovers. They are wooed by dreams and sweet thoughts; their faces become tender and their voices cooing during the period when their parents are making inquiries for a suitable husband for them. But it does seem a pity that these pretty and charming girls should never experience in any degree that most delightful process of courtship. Perhaps when they emerge into the freer life that seemed preparing for them until the war arrested progress, that will be one of their gains.—Exchange.

Distant Friends.

A person well skilled in geography asked a loan of a friend, stating that he had been in all quarters of the globe, and had friends in each. He was asked their names and dealings.

"Oh," said he, "I have often dealings with Tim Bucto, in Africa, for ivory; with my old friend Ben Gal, for rice; Bil Boa sends me fruit from Spain, and there is Pat Agonia and Sam O'Thracia and Frank Onio, and—"

"Hold," replied the other; "you can't be on good terms with friends who keep themselves at such a very great distance."

What Camouflage Is.

Camouflage is simply the art of disguising military objects by any means whatever—painting, shrubbery, smoke screen or any other device. Perhaps the word has been minted from camouflet, a whiff of smoke.

A Mountain Maid

By Margaret Daisy Jamieson

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Money will solve the problem. Use it freely. The company must and will exterminate the Boyce-Grinnel raiders.

Thus the manager of the Brittin Iron Works to Adrian Burgoyne, who had been surprised at the strange mission indicated, but gratified at the confidence reposed in him and the signal discretion.

"I shall do my best," he said, modestly, "although it seems a hardship to legitimate business that a few lawless men can block the wheels of industry. Half the amount you are authorized to spend might bribe the gang to let us alone, but the policy and principle of the company is to submit to no blackmail extortions."

The word "extermination" had a tragic sound, but, according to the instructions of Adrian Burgoyne, involved only the suppression of the lawless group to whom the manager had alluded through isolation or capture.

The Brittin Iron Works had a magnesite mine at Tilson, a little town back in the wildest part of Tennessee. In the rugged mountains beyond it some ten outlaws represented the remnant of two notorious moonshine and bandit gangs defied the community. They would ride furiously into the settlements, and shoot them up and terrorize and rob their inhabitants.

Recently they had been after bigger game. Wherever there was a plant or business of any pretentious proportions they would first threaten trouble through anonymous letters. In most cases the smaller companies timidly submitted to paying regular tribute. The dealings of the band with the Brittin Iron Works were on a large scale. Their epistolary menaces were disregarded. Within a week two explosions occurred in the pits. Some timid workmen gave up their positions.

Burgoyne reacher Tilson and looked over the situation. He found it decidedly serious. The workmen were intimidated, and the timid police officers were reluctant to have anything to do with the hunting down of the outlaws.

Burgoyne went back to Leesburg, the nearest city. Here he approached a private detective agency. Its proprietor was amenable to the liberal rewards offered.

"Once we can get the gang rounded up into a court of law," observed Burgoyne, "there is evidence to land them in the penitentiary for the rest of their lives. I will pay one thousand dollars for the apprehension of each minor member of the band, and five thousand dollars for their leader, Budd Grinnell."

When Burgoyne got back to Tilson he went over the mines and inspired the workmen with confidence and courage by raising wages and organizing an armed group of special watchmen. In this he was signally aided by a man named Zed Baines, who had lived in the district for years, was fearless and independent, and whom the outlaws, after several encumbers with that sure shot, left distinctly alone.

It was the second week of his sojourn at Tilson that Adrian started to see Baines at his home a little beyond the limits of the village. It was a warm day he missed his way, sat down against a tree to rest, and the drowsy summer air led him into profound slumber.

"What is this!" he cried vaguely, as he awoke at the consciousness of human contact. He stared in wonder. At his side knelt a veritable fairy of the forest, a young girl, bronzed, tawny haired, in rough frontier garb. She held his right hand in a firm clasp. To its back her lips were glued.

"Don't stir till I tell you!" she ordered.

Then she disclosed a steely blue mound on the back of his hand, and pointed to a writhing object in the grass a few feet away.

"A rattlesnake!" breathed Adrian, a thrill, once he comprehended the situation.

His grateful eyes fell upon the bent head of the intrepid girl, who had probably discovered him just as the fangs of the vemenous serpent had sunk into his hand, had dispatched the snake, and probably had saved his life.

"Come, quick! you must run," she urged. "Our house is less than half a mile away. Fight off the drowsiness until we get some medicine down you."

A sight of his hand, now swollen to double its normal size, urged him on. When he reached a rude cabin, once within it he sank exhausted to a chair. The girl ran over to a jug on a shelf and filled a quart tin cup with the moonshine liquor it contained.

"Drink!" she ordered, pressing the cup to Adrian's lips.

"What is it?" he remonstrated feebly.

"It is whisky."

"I have never touched it."

"You will, this time," answered his peremptory nurse—"it's all that will save you."

It did save him. Adrian awoke, weak and nervous but out of danger, to find his beautiful little friend at his side with a steaming bowl of broth. For several days he felt the effects of the snake bite. He spent most of his leisure time at the old cabin. Lura Baines had come into his life in a way that left a lasting impression.

He was seated in the one large room of the house telling his wonder-eyed little friend of the marvels of the outside world she had never seen, when she sprang up with a warning cry. A shadow crossed the threshold, then it disclosed a great, brawny, fierce-visaged man. He swung out a slip knot piece of rawhide. It looped the head and then the body of the unprepared Adrian. With a great laugh Budd Grinnel secured the strap about the chair.

"Hardly," sneered Grinnel, as Lura reached for her father's rifle. The outlaw anticipated this, and flung the weapon through the window and dropped into a chair directly opposite Lura, the table between them.

"What do you want?" she gasped, her brave nature for the moment thrown off its balance, but her mind working activily as seeking some way out of the dilemma.

"What I've got," sneered Grinnell. "That fellow yonder. He'll never chase another gang down. I am going to end him, here and now, and then—I'm going to take you along with me."

"Without my consent, I suppose?" questioned Lura, calm enough now.

"Oh, I've got my horse. You are a mere featherweight."

"Unwillingly? So much for that! I will either kill you, or myself, the first chance I get."

"See here, girl," said Grinnell, looking impressed, "I'm lonesome, I want you, I'm going to leave the district, and I've got some money. I know your tune—that young fellow is your spark. Good! Give him up, come with me willingly, and I'll let him live."

"I must think—give me time," murmured Lura.

Her pretty brown hand played with the salt cellars that stood upon the table, with pepper boxes and mustard pot. Opposite to her, complacently expectant, Grinnell lolled and leered. Adrian, despite his nearness to death, had to smile as Lura picked up the large red-pepper sifter. He recalled his first meal at that table, when Baines had passed it to him and, unwittingly, Adrian had used the contents freely. How Lura had laughed! but speedy and merciful to rush for a glass of milk to subdue his sufferings.

She did not laugh now. Charming little actress that she was, where interest in Adrian Burgoyne and love were the impelling motives, she assumed the role of a thoughtful, distressed maiden. Suddenly she removed the cover of the pepper box and flung the fiery granules squarely into the face of the leering ruffian. Then she seized an iron kettle and swung it across the head of the shrieking, blinded scoundrel, Grinnell. He went down like a shot.

"Quick!" cried Lura, rushing to the side of Burgoyne and liberating him. "Tie him up, take his revolver and guard him till I return."

Adrian stood over the prostrate and helpless bandit. Glancing from the window, he saw Lura astride Grinnell's own horse, speeding down the road. At a little distance she met her father, searching for Burgoyne to deliver a telegram that had just arrived from Leesburg. It told that the detectives had captured all of the bandits except Grinnell—cautioned Burgoyne to look out for the outlaw chief, who had threatened a direful vengeance.

The local authorities, the old terror removed, were willing to co-operate now with Burgoyne. They took Grinnell to the jail at Leesburg.

"This is for you," spoke Adrian to Lura, one day a week later. "It is the reward of five thousand dollars offered for the capture of Grinnell, which you have earned."

"Oh, no! no!—I cannot accept it; indeed I cannot," she demurred.

"There is no other way," insisted Adrian. Then their eyes met. "Lura," he said softly, "you must know that I love you."

"You—you!—me, a poor, humble girl!"

"Poor, Lura? Dear, you have more money now than myself. A frontier heroine, indeed—you have saved my life twice over. Will you trust your own to my keeping?"

She drew closer to him, her face radiant.

"Oh, Adrian!" she cried, "the world seems all made over again. I am so happy!"

Congress Holds Purse Strings.

The Constitution of the United States vests in congress power "to raise and support armies," subject to the provision that "no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years." This limitation was designed as a check on the possible abuse of power by the president as commander in chief. As army appropriations must be made every two years, the military branch of the government is completely dependent on the will of congress. Congress holds the purse strings and a military president who should attempt to take things into his own hands or use the army for improper purposes would soon find its supplies cut off at the fountain head.

Didn't Penetrate.

At a dinner at which he presided, the bishop of London entered into conversation with a vivacious young lady, who in the course of the talk asked to be allowed to put a conundrum to his lordship, says the Philadelphia Star. Receiving ready permission, she merrily cried: "Well, then, does the butterfly because the tomato can?" The bishop laughed heartily at the sally; but not so heartily as when, later a young man approached him. "I want to know," said this person, "about that joke of Miss Brown's. She asked if the butter flew because the tomato could. Pray tell me what the joke is?"

PAYS TO GO TO MARKET

Women of Toulon Buy Foods Much as Is Custom in Some American Cities.

To the continental woman, marketing is both a time-hallowed custom and a leading outdoor sport. Europe has always been far more economical than America, and this method of careful food purchasing is one of the first aids to economical housekeeping, according to Niksah. You see what you are getting, there are always opportunities to pick up bargains, and there are no delivery costs. Marketing by telephone is almost unknown in Europe outside a few big cities, because the telephone is not nearly so much a household institution there as here.

Toulon market is open every day from seven o'clock until noon. If you are a Toulon housewife of the upper class, you sally forth about 10 a. m., followed by a maid with a basket or a cord bag to carry your purchases. If you are not rich enough to have a maid, you carry your own vegetables in an embroidered cloth bag swinging from your arm. This cloth bag is an important point, because it marks you as an independent housewife. If you were to carry a basket or a cord bag, you would be taken for somebody's maid.

On either side of the pavement under the plantains are ranged scores of stalls covered with drab awnings. Most of the stallkeepers are women—Frenchwomen, Italians, Corsicans, Spanish. They sell all the vegetables known to botany, and delicacies like mushrooms, snails and ravioli, which is a dish made of macaroni and meat, as well. There are booths for the sale of flowers and medicinal herbs, and chickens and doubtful looking cuts of meat. The cream of the custom comes between nine and eleven. In the last half-hour there is a great bargain sale of everything that will not keep until the next day and the poorer classes rush the booths to purchase slightly damaged but nourishing goods at ridiculously low prices.

VELDT MARKS ITS DWELLERS

Loneliness and Silence Affect Those Doomed to Live in Plain of British South Africa.

Before the Boer war there was a saying current among the Boers of South Africa that you could always recognize a man who had spent five years on the veldt. This was a saying no less true then than now, for the veldt is a place of great silence and loneliness and it leaves its mark on those who dwell in it.

The veldt is the great plain of what is now British South Africa, the limitless, featureless stretch of prairie dotted with knobs of hills that the Boers call kopjes, pierced and gashed by rain-washed gullies that run their twisting course from horizon to horizon. The word "veldt" is closely allied to the German word for "world" or "universe," and the relationship is something more than mere coincidence. To the man standing in the midst of this plain it seems to extend in every direction to the outermost limits of space.

The veldt is without sound or color, without striking features to catch the eye. A day's trek among low hills covered with gray grass, plods wearily through mile after mile of the same hills, and ends in a dry valley as like the valley of the morning as one pea is like another. After a few days of this the traveler wonders if his progress is not a mere illusion, if he is not returning day after day to the same spot.

Now and again the monotony is broken by some veldt farm, a place of exceeding loneliness for the exiles who till it. There will be a farmhouse, a barn, a kraal, a well and a few huts for the kaffirs. To the railroad may be a distance of anywhere from 20 to 70 miles. Half the year the roads are impassable. The little community must be sufficient unto itself. Life on a veldt farm is a severe test of the inner resources of man or woman.

Mongoose as Cat Understudy.

Islands in the tropical or semi-tropical seas furnish ideal conditions for rats, and in many instances they have increased until they have become intolerable pests, threatening the total ruin of the inhabitants. On one sugar cane plantation in Puerto Rico 25,000 rats were killed in less than six months.

In Jamaica an effort was made to suppress them by introducing the mongoose, which resulted in the establishment of a second pest. In the Hawaiian islands the introduction of the mongoose caused the rats to take refuge in the tree-tops, where many of them have nests and have arboreal habits, like squirrels. Wherever present on these islands the mongoose has rendered it exceedingly difficult to raise domestic fowls of any kind.—National Geographic Magazine.

"Twilight Sleep" Has Competitor.

"Twilight sleep," it is said, will be superseded by the use of nitrous oxid-oxygen gas to make childbirth painless. The latter gas, the new use of which was discovered by Dr. Carl Henry Davis, in Rush Medical college, is practically harmless, while "twilight sleep" is regarded by American doctors as being extremely dangerous to the patient.

Nitrous gas, according to Doctor Davis, deadens all pain, but allows freedom of thought and action. A patient under its influence can follow instructions, and it need be inhaled only in small quantities and at infrequent intervals to be successful.

A Young Fellow

By H. H. Duncan

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A young fellow started out in real estate, and real estate, when one is young and just beginning, is almost as barren of business as the first year's practice of a lawyer. But the young man had an office, with his name in gold leaf on the glass in the door.

As he sat in his swivel chair before the empty roll top desk and eyed the sign, he became dissatisfied. The letters seemed to mock, to tantalize, to tease him. He determined to lock up the office and go see Florence. Just as he was about to put his idea into execution, a visitor crossed his threshold. It was Mr. Thomas Henry, father of Florence, and one of his father's most intimate friends.

"Mr. Henry, I am glad to see you," stated the young man cordially, as he rose to greet the older man. "It was good of you to look in on me."

"I was just passing," said the elder man, "and I thought I would drop in for a moment's rest. How's business Frank?"

"Neither good nor bad," replied the young man cheerfully. "There isn't any."

"Ugh! That's rather fierce."

"Oh, don't take it seriously, Mr. Henry," remonstrated the young man, shunning pity. "It'll pick up some day. I'm not a bit discouraged."

"That's the way, Frank," approved Mr. Henry. "I'm glad to hear that you're proving—or rather promising to prove—worthy of your friends. One of them said to me today, 'He'll make good. I'll guarantee that he will.' That's what one person thought about your future in real estate."

"Who said that?" asked Frank eagerly. "I didn't know any business man here in town held that opinion. They all said the field was overcrowded and that I was a fool for launching out in it. Who was he?"

It was rather awkward for Mr. Henry. He hesitated. "It wasn't exactly a business man, it was Florence." He looked keenly at the young man as he mentioned his daughter's name and smiled. The young man was not at all disconcerted. On the contrary, he seemed as much elated as if Thomas A. Edison had been his indorser. Of course, poor reader, you can't understand this, as you don't happen to know Florence.

"She's a mighty dear girl," the young man declared. "Do you know, Mr. Henry, she's all right, even if she is your daughter."

Mr. Henry looked at the young man for a cue, and found him grinning. "Frank," declared Mr. Henry, his brow wrinkling, "I'm up against it. I wish you could help me out on a little deal—a big deal, rather. But it's hopeless. The most experienced men in the business have fallen down on it."

"What's the deal, Mr. Henry?" asked the young man. "Give me a chance."

"You couldn't do anything," replied Mr. Henry rather sharply, "unless I would be to drug the old man. It's the Jackson block business, Frank. You know Mr. Jackson, a client of mine, has been wanting that half block for an office building site. He's bought every foot of land from Walnut street clear through to the alley, a solid half block all except that little lot on which old man Boyd has his shack of an office. That little one-story shed is all that stands in the way of a new building. For my client, I've offered him four times as much as the ground is worth or will ever be worth, but still he holds out. He's jealous of Jackson, that's all. I can't get him to give in. I've tried every way through all kinds of people."

Mr. Henry stopped and scowled. He glanced around the room, scowled at the empty wastepaper basket, at the book shelves, at the filing cabinet, and even out the window, where a ten-year old girl, who was passing, a very good girl, probably, who no doubt helped wipe the dishes at home, and take care of her little brother, was badly frightened because she thought Mr. Henry was scowling at her.

"Boyd lives just the other side of the half block, doesn't he?" asked the young man.

"Yes, he does," growled Mr. Henry. "What has that to do with it?"

"Everything, if it's worked right," declared Frank. "Do you want me to buy that twenty feet for you?"

"You get a check for a thousand dollars if you do," promised his friend, "and we'll allow you fifteen for the lot."

"Will you give me a week, Mr. Henry?" The young man was excited.

"I will," replied Mr. Henry, looking at him in bewilderment.

"And take the deal out of the hands of the agents?"

To this Mr. Henry was willing.

"All right," answered the young man, "it's your lot."

"I don't know."

"I do," declared Frank. "I'll start the ball rolling right away. Kindly remember me to Florence, will you, Mr. Henry? Tell her I'll call just as soon as I bring about this deal. I'll have something important to tell her. Spring the lock as you go out, will you?" Frank bolted into his coat, grabbed his one of the installment-plan chairs darted down the street.

"Hello, Sam," called the young man after he had traveled several blocks. "I was looking for you." A large negro, carrying a basket of ashes toward an old horse and wagon, wiped his hand on an overall leg and greeted the young man.

"I'se powerful glad to see you."

"How's Mrs. Smith and the babies?" inquired Frank.

"Fine, sir, fine. You jes ought to see my little boy, Mr. Frank.

"And how's the band?" asked the young man.

"Say, Mr. Frank!" shouted the negro, kicking over the basket of ashes in his excitement, "you jes ought to hear that band now. I've been practicin' em regular ebery night, and they'se gettin' on fine. You ought to hear 'em play the 'Swanee Riber.' Mr. Henry, it would make tears melt in your mouth. Ob course, I hab my troubles, y' understan', Mr. Frank," the negro continued. "Ebery bandmaster has his troubles, Mr. Frank. Now take that nigger trombone player. He's all right on volume, Mr. Frank. He's fine on volume. You could hear him four miles, I reckon. But the feller won't play in tune. When we're playing flats he's playing sharps, an' he's always a couple of notes ahead of the rest. An' the cornet an' some of the others, ain't what they should be, but I'se practicin' 'em. We'll get together all right after a while."

The negro smiled hopefully.

"Sure you will," agreed Frank. "Where do you practice, Sam?" he asked.

"We've been playin' in a barn back ob my house. It's a tolerable enough place when it don't rain. I's looking for a better place, but don't seem to find none. We can't afford to pay much rent."

"Sam," stated the young man, "I'm interested in music, and I'm interested in your band. How would you like American hall for your practices?"

For an answer, Sam grinned like a man on a holiday.

"I can't promise it to you any longer than a week."

"Das all right, Mr. Frank," responded Sam. "A week's better 'n nothin'."

"Want to start to-night, Sam?" asked the young man.

"Yep, seben o'clock. Play straight through till leben."

"Fine," declared Frank. "I'll explain a little, Sam. The reason I'm renting this hall for you is because I want to treat the neighborhood to some good music. See?"

"Yes, sir," answered Sam. But really, you know, he didn't.

"If things work out the way I expect them to," promised Frank, "I'm going to buy your band new uniforms."

"Good heabens, Mr. Frank! Real ones, blue with gold braid? An' a drum-major hat for me to march in?"

"Surest thing you know," answered Frank, grinning. "Only be sure to have the band play loud. You know I want all the neighborhood to be sure to hear the music." This Sam guaranteed. "And see here," added the young man: "If you don't care, I'd like to be known as the manager of your band. May I?"

"Ob course," magnanimously. "It'll be a big thing for the band; Mr. Frank Lucas, manager."

"And remember this, if anybody comes up and wants to cut out the music—some people like music, others don't—or threatens to kill the trombone specialist, you tell 'em I'm manager of the band, and send 'em to me will you? Tell 'em I'm running the circus, will you?"

"I shore will," promised Sam. "I don't want no scraps wid nobody. I don't. An' t'ank you, sir. The band'll give 'em good concerts all week—nice loud ones. So long, Mr. Frank."

Well, it all came out as we expected. A week's music from Sam's band rehearsing "Swanee River" each night from seven until eleven o'clock in the hall directly opposite his residence was all the music Mr. Boyd could stand. He remonstrated with Sam in vain—he was sent to Mr. Frank Lucas. The police told Boyd, when he complained, that they had no right to interfere so long as the band was orderly. At last Mr. Boyd went to Frank. Frank explained to Mr. Boyd that he had been thinking of moving his band to another part of the town but that he was interested in buying a certain strip in the Jackson block site. Boyd saw the plot, but trombone-crazy, he forgot his jealousy and sold the property for its true value, $5,000.

In return for the deed, Frank received from Thomas Henry $15,000, as per agreement. Frank's ledger read: "Received fee, $1,000. Profit, $10,000." The band removed to its old quarters but marched the following Sunday in new uniforms. Then the cash account in Frank's ledger was credited with $500, charged to personal account. With the $500 Frank purchased a solitaire for Florence.

Taking No Risks.

An M. P. who had to speak in a northern town traveled up from London the night before, taking only a small handbag with him. The train was very late in arriving, and the M. P. engaged a room at the first hotel he came across. A servant showed him his room and, after shuffling a bit, said:

"Please, sir, my instructions are when a man hasn't any luggage to ask him to pay in advance."

"But I've got luggage!" said the M. P., indignantly, pointing to the little handbag.

"I know, sir," said the servant sternly. "But you've stayed too long on that already!"—London Answers.

EASY TO TRAIN SHEPHERDS

Puppies Soon Learn If They Are Placed With Ewes and the Lambs Taken Away.

It is easy enough to train shepherd dogs if they are taken as puppies. When the sheep are lambing, take a lamb away from its mother and put the puppies on the ewe. Keep the ewe tied up for a few days and see that the little puppies nurse her; then it will not be long until she will think as much of the pups as she does of her lamb.

As soon as the pups are old enough to follow the sheep let them go with the bunch and they will soon be taking care of the sheep. The dogs will soon learn to take them out of the sheds in the morning and bring them back at night. And if a strange dog or wolf comes around, one dog will stay and fight while another will start the sheep for home. In lambing time they keep the sheep close around the ranch or camp, and seem to take on a degree of intelligence that is marvelous. They can soon be taught the master's calls or signals and will obey promptly. It is essential that they shall be fed by some sort of system, and it is well to have them understand that this is their reward. If one has a good working dog, it is surprising how readily a young animal will learn from the old one. But the masters do not always have an old dog, and then the trainer must play the dog himself and do a little running. Everyone has his own whistles or words of command, and a dog soon catches on.—Exchange.

ARTISTS FAMOUS AS WRITERS

Several of the Most Noted Novelists Deserted the Brush for Literary Work.

Several artists of note have been known to desert the brush for the pen, and when they have died they have left their mark behind them as literary men, observes an exchange. William de Morgan did this. He wrote the longest set of novels since Dickens and Thackeray "ceased firing," although he was an old man when he took to the pen. George du Maurier was an artist who turned author after making a European fame with the pencil as a satirist of society. He suddenly startled the world with "Trilby," and set two continents comparing feet. With him novel-writing seemed his true forte, but he had started too late. He only enjoyed his new fame a few years.

Even Thackeray tried art before he found his true vocation, and he illustrated several of his own books even then. A very piquant story tells of Thackeray calling on Charles Dickens to see if he could get the commission to illustrate one of his earlier novels. He had not written "Vanity Fair" then!

A very distinguished artist-author was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was supreme in both arts.

Progress.

Sending messages by lightning, traveling at 40 miles to the hour, crossing in a week the ocean which the Mayflower perilously breasted, in our sumptuous vessels, framed of iron, luxurious in appointment, propelled from within, and gay with color as so many swimming summer gardens—these applauded achievements do not tend of necessity to the upbuilding of nobler courage, to the development of a luminous moral wisdom, to the culture of even philosophical refinement, or the nurture of the temper of devout aspiration. On the other hand, do we not sometimes feel that virtue among us is coming to be too much a matter of manners; that the intense subjective processes from which august character is derived are in a measure being superseded by the mechanical contrivances and the physical successes with which our noisy years resound; and that the grand and lovely spirits, which are present still, and in which, whenever we touch them, we find strange charm and inspiration, are fewer and lonelier than they were? —Richard Slater Storrs.

Alphabet of the Soul.

Gesture's part in Oriental drama is set forth in a recent Hindu volume, which says that there is a fitting gesture to represent every emotion. The gesture, in fact, is described as a deaf and dumb alphabet of the soul. There are nine movements of the head, corresponding to nine emotions, mentioned by one authority, twenty-four by another; twenty-eight movements of the single hands, and twenty-four (or twenty-six) of the double hands, etc.; also "hands" denoting animals, trees, oceans, and other things. For example, a certain position of the hands denotes a certain emperor, caste, or planet. The translator says, rather slyly, that only a cultivated audience can appreciate Indian "actor's art."

The Pig's Food Habits.

We must all (says the Pall Mall Gazette) make our apologies to the pig, who has been grossly maligned in regard to his food. Instead of being ready to eat anything, he turns out to be the most fastidious of animals. Experiments have been made in France and Sweden which show this to be the case, and in the latter country the record tells us that out of 575 plants the goat eats 449 and refuses 126; the sheep out of 528 plants eats 387 and refuses 141; out of 494 plants the cow eats 276 and refuses 218; out of 474 plants the horse eats 262 and refuses 212; and the pig out of 248 plants eats 72 and refuses 171.

PASSED OVER BY TOURISTS

Little, Out of the Way Hamlet in Switzerland Preserves Air of Medieval Days.

Gruyeres is one of the few spots in Switzerland where the tourist is few and far between. It is an out of the way little hamlet where many old customs have survived among the peasants, and doubtless sooner or later the visitors will discover it and some one will erect a hotel with 500 rooms on the site of the present inn and parties will be made up in Geneva to watch the peasant dances, and ladies from Texas and Brazil will be taking photographs of the ancient cottages on every corner.

The town clusters in a tiny compact group of houses around the site of the old castle, as is the way of towns that were built in the day when castles were used for protection, and not to exort twp franc tips from the visitor. The streets of Gruyeres are narrow and short; they run at unexpected angles and end in little squares and triangles, where daily markets are held. In one of these squares there is an ancient stone carved into hollows of various sizes. At the bottom of each hollow is a stone plug. This stone is the time hallowed village measure for grain and dry produce of all kinds. The seller pours one of the hollows full, and the purchaser pulls out the plug to let the grain run into his basket.

The houses about the little streets might be copies of medieval illustrations, and the dates on many of them go back to medieval times. Each house has its little garden full of simple mountain flowers and in the doorway or in the garden itself the women sit at work on the embroidery which is a famous local product. Gruyeres is known for its embroideries and its cheeses, both of which are strong and guaranteed to wear well.

IGORROTES HAVE ODD HABITS

Use No Cutlery, Grabbing Food Out of a Common Kettle—Presented With a Spoon.

After interviewing me for half an hour the old chief led me to the feast, says Edward S. O'Reilly, describing a visit to the Igorrotes in the World Outlook. Two huge iron kettles were simmering on the fire. One was filled with rice and the other had a kind of Irish stew.

Like all Filipinos, the Igorrot eats with his hands, but I fished a tin spoon out of my saddle pockets and gave them a lesson in table manners. They watched every bite I took with amazement. After the meal was finished, the spoon was passed around and carefully inspected. Seeing that the old chief was greatly interested in this new-fangled instrument, I presented it to him in a neat after-dinner speech.

He accepted it with delight. Having no pockets, he stuck the spoon through a hole in his ear, where he wore it with a jaunty pride.

Then came the dancing. Hour after hour they kept it up, beating their tomtoms and little brass kettles and circling about the fire. They danced in ordered formation, going through evolutions that would have done credit to a Broadway chorus. In the shadow of the huts I could see the women, standing with arms outstretched, chanting in subdued monotone and swaying to the rhythm.

Pidgin English.

The world pidgin, or pidgeon, as connected with English, is a Chinaman's poor attempt to pronounce the word business. Brewer gives it—business, bidginess, bidgen and pigeon. Pigeon English, therefore, means business in English. It is a strange admixture of English, Chinese and Portuguese, and is used in all parts of the far east as a means of communication between the natives and the foreigners. During nearly half a century, and especially since the opening of many ports to Europeans, business relations have developed to such vast proportions and reached into so many channels that some universally understood means of communication became absolutely necessary, and pidgin or pigeon English was the natural result. Its acquirement in the coast ports, at all events, is a matter of importance both with traders and with natives, who seek situations in foreign employ, and it has become popular as a medium of communication.

Effects With Laths.

Left over wall laths can be made use of in various ways. Tacked horizontally and vertically at the back of an ordinary wooden box and the whole thing painted in white or some bright color, they make a most charming trellis for the window or porch. They are also effective as a bedroom closet convenience for holding dressing gowns, etc. They should be painted white and touched up with pink or blue flowers, or they can be painted with the motifs from the chintz hangings. Brass hooks are attached to the squares, and an addition, both useful and pleasing, is gained in the home.

Vain Regrets.

"I can't see what Mildred sees in that Smith boy," remarked the girl's mother. "He hasn't got brains enough in his head to fill a peanut shell."

"Oh, well, I dare say your mother said the same thing about me when I was courting you," replied the girl's father indulgently.

"She certainly did, but I was just as big a fool as Mildred is now. I wouldn't listen to the advice of my elders."

Clearfield Banker Dead.

Henry P. Bilger, a prominent banker and manufacturer of Clearfield, died early last Thursday morning at Atlantic City where he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was 70 years of age and a son of former Governor Bilger, of Centre County. He was a brother of the late W. D. Bilger, former assistant treasurer of the United States.

Work on Government Cars.

One hundred specially made ordnance cars or trucks for the United States government are being rushed toward completion in the Altoona car shops and will be delivered to federal authorities about Nov. 20.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

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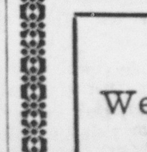

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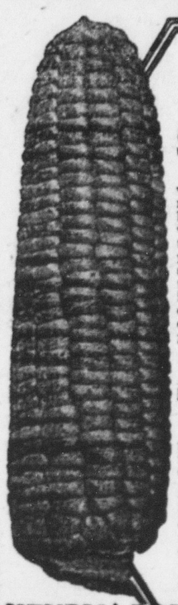

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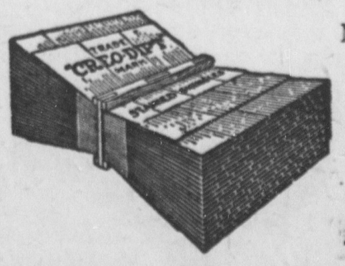

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Here and There.

"Send him a photograph."—Mallory Studio.

A fresh supply of Hudnut's perfumery just received at Green's pharmacy.

Bob Bennison, of Marion Township, was a welcome visitor in town on Friday of last week.

Joseph L. Montgomery left Bellefonte Monday evening on a business trip to New York City.

Miss Bess Wynn, of Beech Creek, was recently united in marriage to Edwin Porter, of Flemington.

Sunday the Presbyterian Sunday School raised a fund of $100 which will go to the starving Armenians.

Last Thursday morning William A. Thomas, of Centre Hall, age 25, enlisted in the United States army at Lewistown.

County Commissioner Isaac Miller was up in the vicinity of Boalsburg Tuesday looking up the condition of roads in that section.

Dr. E. S. Dorworth has been spending several days this week in Baltimore at the home of his son and Mrs. William J. Dorworth.

Miss Sue Garner, the trained nurse, will leave Bellefonte next week for Philadelphia where she will be engaged at her profession.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook entertained at dinner on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Mary Cook, the occasion marking her eightieth birthday anniversary.

Dr. H. C. Helfrich has changed his residence from Tanner's boarding house to the Mart Garman residence on Curtin Street, which has been leased by Harry Menald.

"Joe" Thomas, son of the late Isaac Thomas, is quite ill at his residence on Thomas street. Several weeks ago he drove an auto truck to Bellefonte from Pittsburgh and caught cold.

A Red Cross dance was held in the Town Hall on Monday evening. It was well attended. The dancers were in fancy costume. For those who did not care to dance there were tables for cards.

Mr. and Mrs. William Resides, of Bellefonte, went to Tyrone Sunday and from there they were taken to Altoona in an automobile to see Mrs. Nora Sauers, Mrs. Resides sister, who has been quite ill.

John Hartsock, who for about fourteen weeks had been a typhoid fever patient at the Bellefonte hospital, was taken to his home on Buffalo Run Friday. Although not entirely recovered he is very much improved.

Rev. F. W. Biddle, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Methodist church at Altoona, is conducting a big revival. He was born and raised on Buffalo Run, Centre County, and his friends will be glad to know of the good work he is trying to do.

The football game in Bellefonte Saturday between the Bellefonte High School and Jersey Shore High School attracted quite a large crowd to the athletic field. Paul Seanor umpired the game which was close from beginning to the end. The result was 26 to 18 in favor of Bellefonte.

William L. Kellogg, of State College, and Miss Fannie F. Cooper, of Lykens, were married Wednesday evening of last week at the home of the bride. The groom is an assistant in the Dairy Husbandry department under the United States government supervision at the college. They will be at home after November 15th.

Richard Holmes and bride have returned from their wedding trip and are now busy furnishing apartments in the Shoemaker appartment house on Spring Street where they will make their home, although Richard's work will take him from town most of the time. Anyhow, their friends are glad they are going to call Bellefonte their home.

An impression is prevalent in Bellefonte that because Fred Hollobaugh and his bride, Miss Helen Irvin, didn't take the train in Bellefonte the morning they were married they only took an automobile ride to Snow Shoe Intersection. They went from here to Columbus, Ohio, then to Indianapolis and then soqth into Kentucky where they saw some of their friends.

Saturday night at 8 o'clock Bishop W. A. Quayle, Ph. D., LL. D., will lecture in the Methodist church at State College and Sunday morning will preach in the College Chapel. In the evening he will occupy the pulpit in the Methodist church. He has been accorded the highest honor of any man in the church and is a splendid and vigorous speaker. There will be no charge for the lecture Saturday evening but a silver offering will be taken up.

Old-time residents tell us that the weather these last few days has anything they can recall beaten to a frazzle. Last Saturday night Bellefonte experienced a cold, sharp rain storm, while at the same time in parts of Penns valley there was a genuine thunderstorm. Early Monday morning Bellefonte had a slashing rain and a driving wind storm, while in the neighborhood of Nigh bank, just a short distance from town, residents reported that there had not been a drop of rain. Tuesday morning opened up remarkably warm, but by evening the chill of winter had enveloped the town.

Mrs. Wallace Gephart left Bellefonte Saturday morning for Chester.

William Katz and family moved this week into the Shuey home on High street.

William Garner, one of the progressive citizens, of Howard, spent Sunday in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Edgar Zeigler, of Altoona, spent Saturday in Bellefonte as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Zeigler on Bishop street.

Andrew Young, wife and twins left Bellefonte Saturday afternoon for Altoona where they spent Sunday with relatives.

Al. Osmer and wife, of Lincoln, Neb., are visitors in Bellefonte at the home of Mr. Osmer's sister, Mrs. Rash Williams, Bush Addition.

Stuart Hosterman, of Coburn, has resigned his position with the Coburn Grain and Creamery Company and is now a clerk in the P. R. R., station at that place.

Postmaster Al. S. Garman, of Tyrone, was chief marshal of a parade in that place Saturday night in honor of the colored conscript men who left for camp Monday.

Thomas Weber, of State College, has been honorably discharged from the United States Army, and has returned from Fort Niagara, N. Y. He is a painter by trade.

F. F. Coudriet, of Hawk Run, near Philipsburg recently sold his one-third interest in a 357 acre tract of coal land in Snow Shoe township to M. T. Bowman, of Clearfield.

Prof. Harry Menold and wife who have been boarding at Mrs. Tanner's have leased the residence of the late Mart Garman, on Curtin street, until June, the closing of the schools.

Information has been received that Ivan Walker, Earl S. Orr, of Bellefonte, and Harold Williams, of State College, were among those who in a short time will leave the United States arsenal at Rock Island, Ill., for France, and it is probable they will be called on duty within the hearing of the big guns on the firing line.

What is the use of having mail catchers along the railroad track to save the train from stopping when the railroad company has such suple and efficient men in there employ as our friend "Joe" Undercoffler. He gave a demonstration of his dexterity Saturday morning as one of the trains was pulling out. He is always there with the goods.

Joseph Gault, of Uniontown, arrived in Bellefonte Monday and is again happily numbered among Mrs. Tanner's boarders. Mr. Gault brought with him his gun which indicates that he is going to do some hunting in Centre county before he returns home. He is a very pleasant gentleman and his friends were glad to see him.

Jerry Barner and wife, formerly of Bellefonte passed through town Saturday morning on a little trip. They reside in Altoona, Mr. Barner being a brakeman on the middle division of the P. R. R. Jerry, years ago, was an employe at The Republican office. He is making good wages now and everything is going smoothly with him.

During the football game in Bellefonte Saturday between the Bellefonte High School and the Jersey Shore High School. "Jack" Decker, Jr., of Bellefonte, had the misfortune of having the ligaments of the right foot badly torn. The injury is very painful and will cause the young man considerable inconvenience for some time to come.

Miss Bertha Laurie, clerk and stenographer in the Bellefonte First National Bank, returned home Monday morning from New York City. She has been accepted by the Y. M. C. A. war committee and will sail for France on Tuesday, Nov. 7th. She goes with a young college mate and thus it will not be as lonesome as if she were anticipating the trip alone. She left Bellefonte Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Helen Beezer, of Bellefonte, has the distinction of being the first young lady in the town to accept a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. On Monday morning she entered the local freight office under the management of W. T. Kelley. The first selection was a good one and it is altogether likely that other changes of this kind will take place in the office force of the company here as the boys are called to the colors.

Jacob Knisely, one of the guards at the Western penitentiary at Rockview, in company with Harry Austin and Julius Stump left Bellefonte Monday morning with five prisoners, taking them back to the penitentiary at Pittsburgh where they will be deprived of their freedom. They all "skinned a bad eye". While at Rockview they gave the overseers constant trouble and Warden Francies put them where they will behave.

Deemer C. Pearce, inspector of weights and measures for Centre county, was in Bellefonte Monday looking up some business connected with his office. Recently the looking up of the large coal scales at the mines, was made part of his duty and he has been devoting much of his time to getting them in proper shape. In printing the notices to dealers as to the standard weight per bushel of the various commodities there were two mistakes made which are hereby rectified as follows: Onions should weigh 50 pounds to the bushel instead of 56 pounds. Gooseberries should weigh 40 pounds instead of 48 pounds.

A fresh lot of Jansen's chocolates Saturday at Green's.

Miss Lyda Morris, of Bellefonte, left Tuesday morning for Philadelphia.

The state is trying to make roads but it is handicapped on account of scarcity of labor.

Peter Keichline, the Bellefonte confectioner and green grocery man, transacted business in Jersey Shore Tuesday.

Ex-Sheriff W. E. Hurley, who has charge of making a state road at or near Petersburg, Huntingdon county, spent Sunday with his family in Bellefonte.

Miss Hazel Dickinson, of Detroit, Mich., who had been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fleming, on Reynolds' Avenue, left Bellefonte for her home Tuesday.

Harry Meuler, who is employed in the United States geological and forestry department, spent Friday night in Bellefonte as the guest of Robert F. Hunter. He is a very valuable man in the line of his work.

Nancy Jane is the name of a little daughter born on Sunday morning, last, to Capt. and Mrs. H. Laird Curtin. Word of the arrival of the new "daughter of the regiment" was telegraphed to Capt. Curtin, who is in command of Troop L, at Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. William Ard, of Pine Grove Mills, who is studying for the ministry at Selinsgrove University, occupied the pulpit in the Bellefonte Lutheran church Sunday. There was a large attendance at both services, but more especially in the evening when many of his friends from College and Ferguson townships were noticable. The young man is to be congratulated on the successful effort he is making to be a useful man in proclaiming the gospel. He has an excellent delivery and is bound to fulfill his mission well and faithfully.

When you desire a good 5 cent smoke try Black and White at Green's pharmacy.

Turn out Saturday night and give the thirty-five conscript men a rousing send off. Bellefonte ought to be crowded with loyal people from all over the county. These men are going to fight our battles and before the war ends will be in the trenches. Everybody come.

Joseph Runkle, the Bellefonte plumber, has accepted the position as head plumber at the Western Penitentiary, at Rockview, and will hereafter devote his time during the day keeping the heating apparatus in shape at this institution. He may find time in the evening to do work in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Dale, wife of Dr. Dave Dale, and her little daughter, Ann, left today (Thursday) for her home in Gettysburg where she will probably remain until the war is over—if it doesn't last too long. They will be accompanied by "Mike" the pet dog of the town. He'll be missed, all right.

Oliver Witmer, of Altoona, in his automobile, with Miss Caroline Anderson, of Bellefonte, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kirk, of near Bellefonte, motored to Lewistown Sunday and visited for a short time at the home of Amos Cole, brother of Mrs. Kirk. The day was fine and thus the trip was thoroughly enjoyed.

There was quite an exodus from the Adams Express Company's office in Bellefonte last Wednesday when Merril Lyon, known as "Mose" and Fred Love quit the job. There was no other reason given but that they could earn more money elsewhere. In other words it was a question of dollars and cents. "Mose" says when a man begins to raise a family in war times he must look out for No. 1. "Mose" has secured a position with the Titan Metal Works and Fred will work for George Rhoads.

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The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

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OSTEOPATHY
Dr. H. E. Thornley
(Formerly of Phila.)
Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri
State College, Tues. Thurs. Sat.

Joshua Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, spent Sunday in Bellefonte as the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Shaughnessy, on Howard street. He recently came from a trip to Tennessee and was perfectly delighted. He returned home on Monday.

"Out of Work, Old Man?"
"But the Money Comes In

JUST THE SAME!"

Takes more than a compound fracture to put you out of the running, when you've an ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY.

Any time any accident comes along, your ÆTNA steps right in and becomes the wage-earner for your family—

With $25 or $50 a week for total disability, according to the nature of the accident; and $12.50 or $25 for partial disability. Payable every four weeks.

If you don't think it comes in fine, just ask my wife. She almost went to pieces until I told her I'd had the good sense to

ÆTNA-IZE

We'd have been up against it for fair. You can't hold off the landlord and the grocer and butcher forever, you know. And I'd hate like sin to have the wife try to earn our living.

As it is, we've wanted for nothing, and the ÆTNA paid my surgeon's bill in the bargain. If I'd gone to the hospital, it would have paid the charges for me there.

In fact, I've gotten such big returns that it's almost a shame to tell how little I pay for the policy.

Take my tip, and get all the facts today from

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

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Ducking for Apples

You have probably ducked for apples; most everybody has. You'll remember that just about the time you thought you had your apple --- splash --- it had slipped and you got a noseful of water.

Buying clothes this season reminds us a little of the uncertainty in "ducking for apples." Unless you are an expert, about the time you think you have a good value, the test of wear proves that it was poor quality all the way thru.

There is one way to be sure of good value, good quality, and good wear. Come to this store and buy Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. You can't make a mistake. The fabrics are all-wool, the tailoring is done by experts, the style is right up to the minute, and your satisfaction is guaranteed completely.

That's our service idea at this store. To give you clothes that we can be absolutely sure of and then stand back of them with a guarantee of one hundred per cent satisfaction.

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